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# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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# GIVEN

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GIRLS

ACT  
NOW

MAIL  
Coupon

Electric Record Players, Cam-  
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Other Premiums or Cash  
Commission easily yours.  
Simply Give pictures with  
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start. 56th year. Wilson Chem.  
Co., Dept. B-27, Tyrone, Pa.

# GIVEN - GIVEN

## PREMIUMS OR CASH



ACT NOW

BOYS - GIRLS

We Are Reliable



Lovable fully dressed Dolls over  
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with White CLOVERINE Brand  
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OUR  
56th YEAR

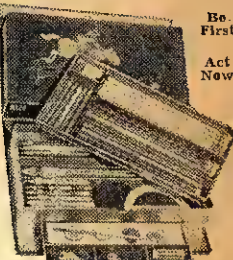


OUR  
56th  
YEAR

Mail  
Coupon

# GIVEN

## PREMIUMS - CASH



Be  
First

Act  
Now

Girls! Boys! Send No Money  
Now. We Trust You. School  
Boxes, 3 Pc. Pen & Pencil  
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paid). Many other Premiums  
or Cash Commission now  
easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE**  
pictures with White CLOVERINE  
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tives at 25 cents a box (with  
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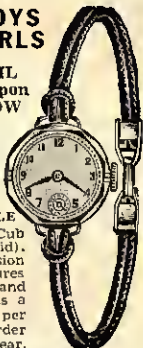
# PREMIUMS - GIVEN - CASH



BOYS  
GIRLS

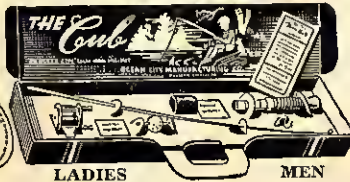
MAIL  
Coupon  
NOW

Our  
56th  
Year



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Radios, Wrist Watches, Ukuleles, Cub  
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Other Premiums or Cash Commission  
easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures  
with White CLOVERINE Brand  
SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a  
box (with picture) and remit per  
catalog sent with starting order  
postage paid by us. Our 56th year.  
Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. F-27, Tyrone, Pa.



LADIES

MEN

# Premiums - GIVEN - Cash

ACT  
NOW

Boys - Girls  
Ladies - Men

OUR  
56th  
YEAR



BE  
FIRST



Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches,  
Alarm Clocks (sent postage  
paid). Latest model Boys-Girls  
Bicycles (sent express charges  
collect). Many other valuable  
Premiums or Cash Commission  
now easily yours. **SIMPLY**  
GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE  
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bors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit  
amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with  
your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable.  
Our 56th year. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you.  
WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. E-27, TYRONE, PA.

# GIVEN - GIVEN

## Premiums - Cash Commission



Mail Coupon

BOYS  
GIRLS

ACT NOW



Daisy Air Rifles with tube of  
shot, Regulation Footballs, Flash-  
lights, Movie Machines (sent post-  
age paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission  
now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White  
CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box  
(with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium.  
shown in catalog sent  
with your order post-  
age paid by us to  
start. Our 56th year.  
Wilson Chemical Co.,  
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Tyrone, Pa.



MAIL COUPON NOW

# MAIL COUPON TODAY


Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A1, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures  
with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell  
at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30  
days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully  
explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my  
order postage paid to start.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
St. \_\_\_\_\_ R.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_  
Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Print LAST  
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

# GHOSTLY DESTROYER



**SLEEP... SLEEP, UNSUSPECTING MORTALS OF ARSDALE! DREAM YOUR GREED-FILLED DREAMS OF FAME, FORTUNE AND POWER--- FOR AFTER TONIGHT, YOU WILL DREAM NO MORE! FOR I CAN READ YOUR FACES! THOSE AMONG YOU WHO ARE KIND, VIRTUOUS, I WILL SPARE--- BUT THOSE WHO ARE TAINTED WITH THE SLIGHTEST TRACE OF EVIL MUST DIE BY MY HAND!**

**BUT NOT ALL ARE ASLEEP IN THE SMALL, PEACEFUL TOWN OF ARSDALE, ON THE BANKS OF THE TRANQUIL HUDSON...**

**THIS'LL BE THE EASIEST HOUSEBREAKIN' JOB WE EVER PULLED! HEY! --YUH'RE LETTIN' ME SLIP!**

**L-LOOK!**

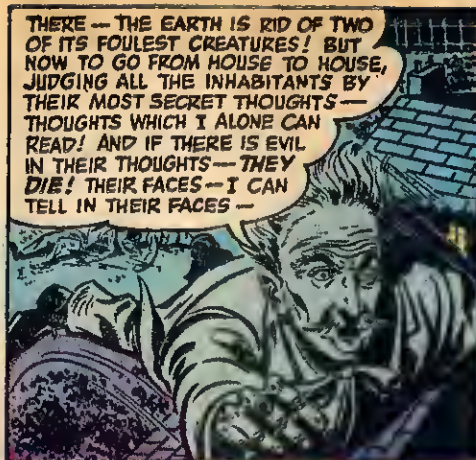


**DIE...DIE!**

**YAAAGHH!**

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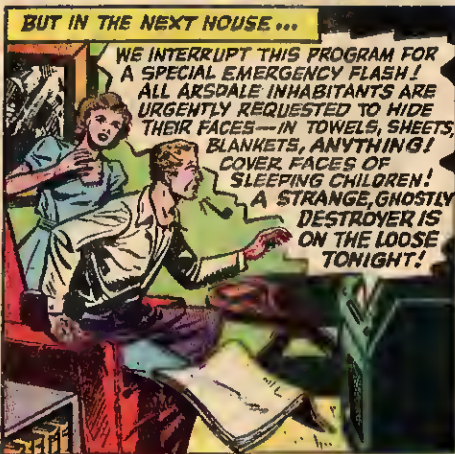


THERE -- THE EARTH IS RID OF TWO OF ITS FOULEST CREATURES! BUT NOW TO GO FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, JUDGING ALL THE INHABITANTS BY THEIR MOST SECRET THOUGHTS -- THOUGHTS WHICH I ALONE CAN READ! AND IF THERE IS EVIL IN THEIR THOUGHTS -- THEY DIE! THEIR FACES -- I CAN TELL IN THEIR FACES --



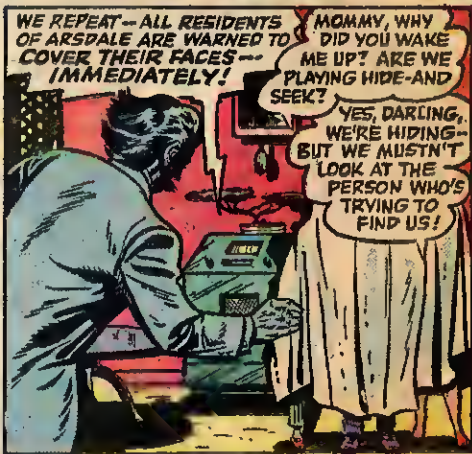
OHHH!

YOU ARE GOOD -- YOUR INMOST THOUGHTS SHOW NOTHING BUT MOTHERLY KINDNESS -- YOU I WILL SPARE! BUT I MUST GO ON -- ON --



BUT IN THE NEXT HOUSE...

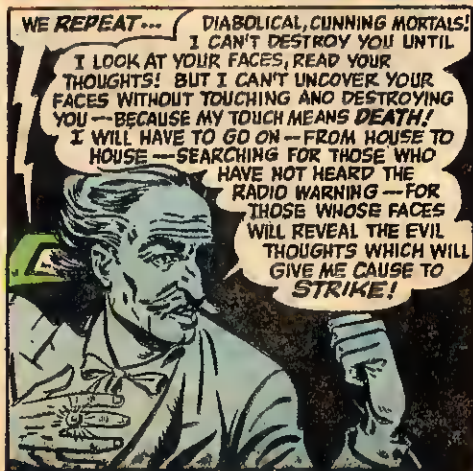
WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM FOR A SPECIAL EMERGENCY FLASH! ALL ARSDALE INHABITANTS ARE URGENTLY REQUESTED TO HIDE THEIR FACES -- IN TOWELS, SHEETS, BLANKETS, ANYTHING! COVER FACES OF SLEEPING CHILDREN! A STRANGE, GHOSTLY DESTROYER IS ON THE LOOSE TONIGHT!



WE REPEAT -- ALL RESIDENTS OF ARSDALE ARE WARNED TO COVER THEIR FACES -- IMMEDIATELY!

MOMMY, WHY DID YOU WAKE ME UP? ARE WE PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK?

YES, DARLING, WE'RE HIDING -- BUT WE MUSTN'T LOOK AT THE PERSON WHO'S TRYING TO FIND US!



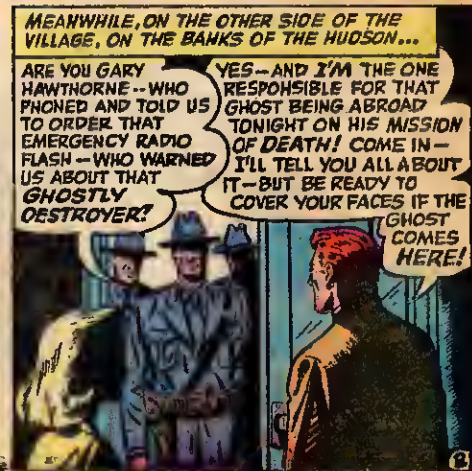
WE REPEAT...

DIABOLICAL, CUNNING MORTALS! I CAN'T DESTROY YOU UNTIL

I LOOK AT YOUR FACES, READ YOUR THOUGHTS! BUT I CAN'T UNCOVER YOUR FACES WITHOUT TOUCHING AND DESTROYING YOU -- BECAUSE MY TOUCH MEANS DEATH!

I WILL HAVE TO GO ON -- FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE -- SEARCHING FOR THOSE WHO

HAVE NOT HEARD THE RADIO WARNING -- FOR THOSE WHOSE FACES WILL REVEAL THE EVIL THOUGHTS WHICH WILL GIVE ME CAUSE TO STRIKE!

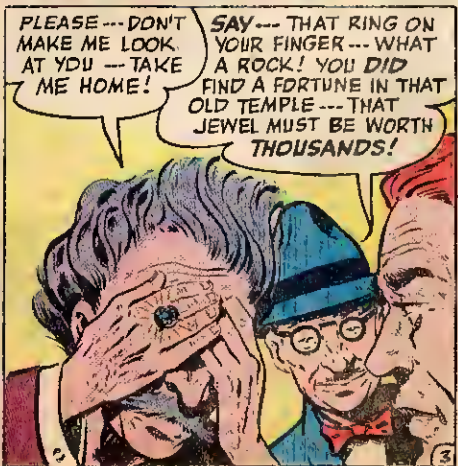
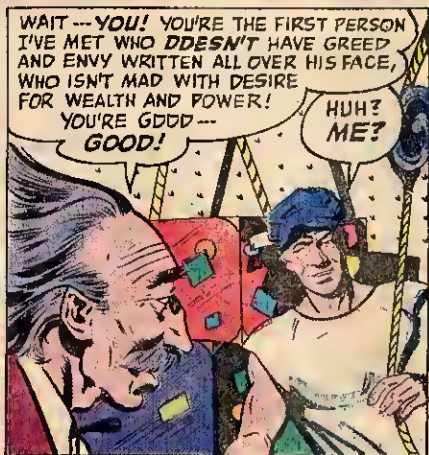
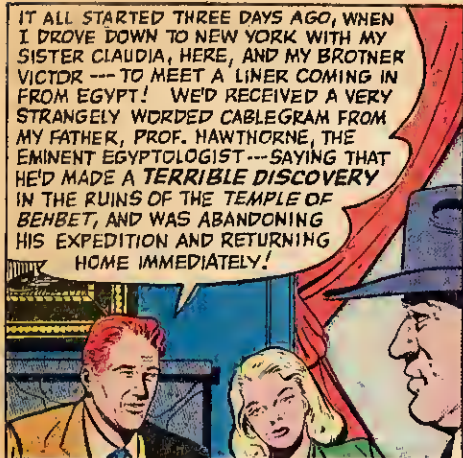


MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VILLAGE, ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON...

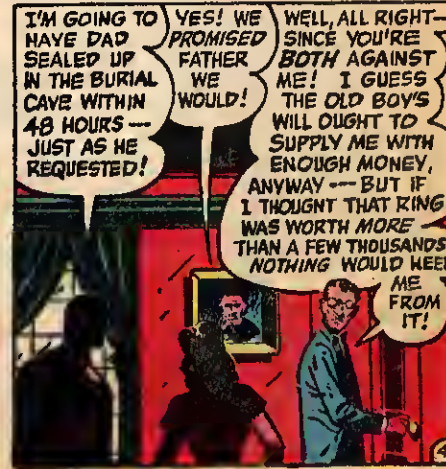
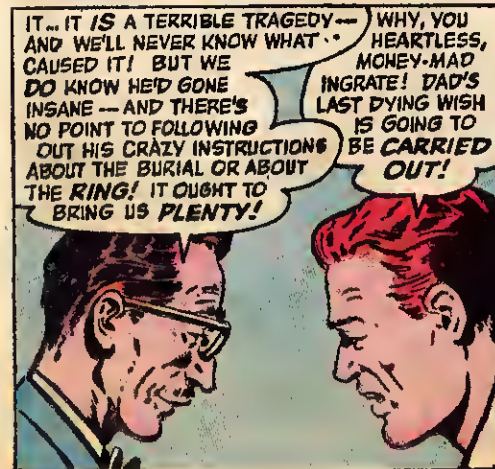
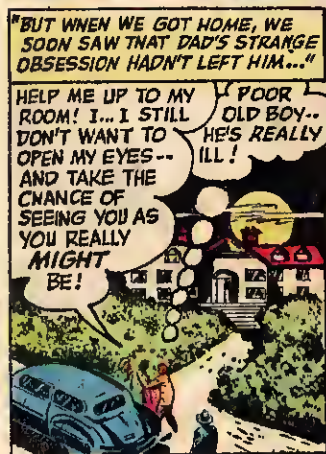
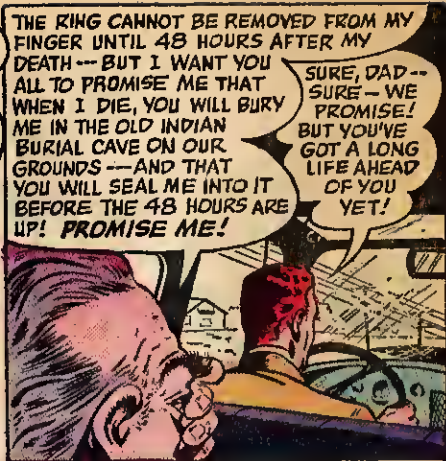
ARE YOU GARY HAWTHORNE -- WHO PHONED AND TOLD US TO ORDER THAT EMERGENCY RADIO FLASH -- WHO WARNED US ABOUT THAT GHOSTLY DESTROYER?

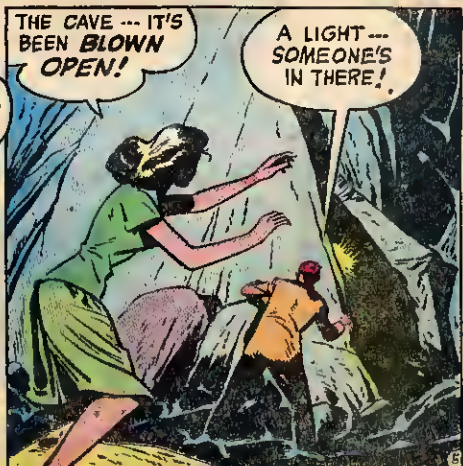
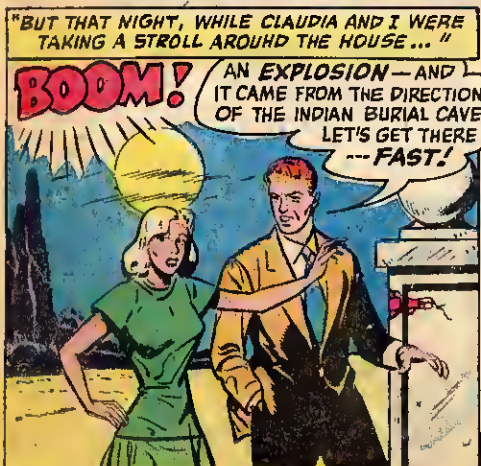
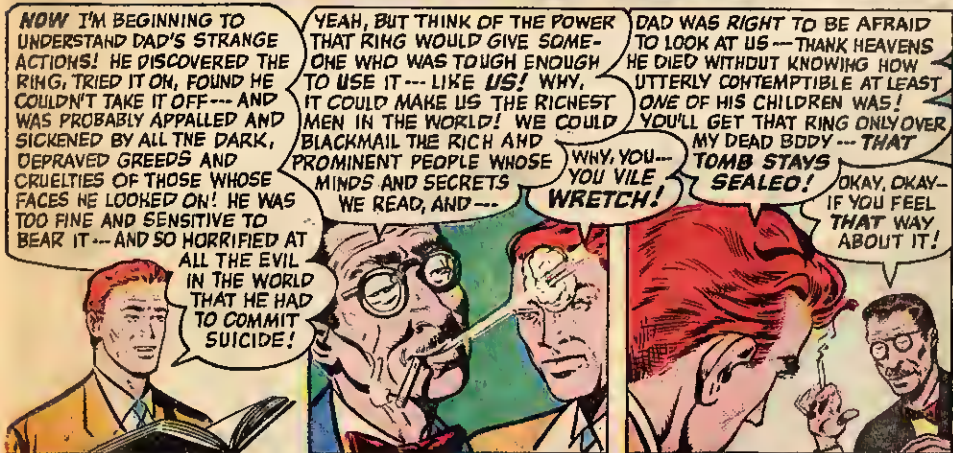
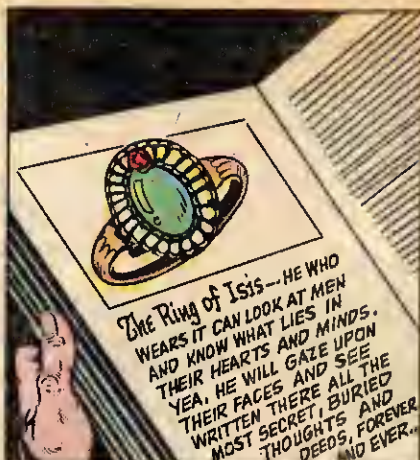
YES -- AND I'M THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT GHOST BEING ABROAD TONIGHT ON HIS MISSION OF DEATH! COME IN -- I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT -- BUT BE READY TO COVER YOUR FACES IF THE

GHOST COMES HERE!







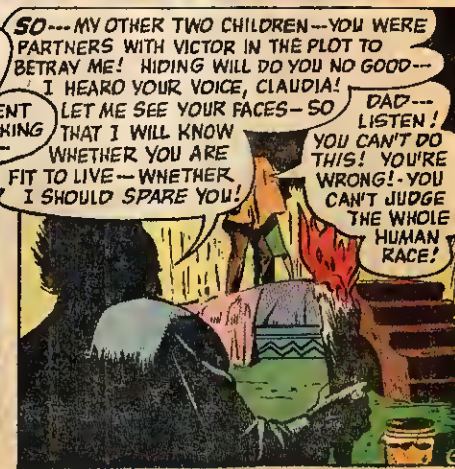
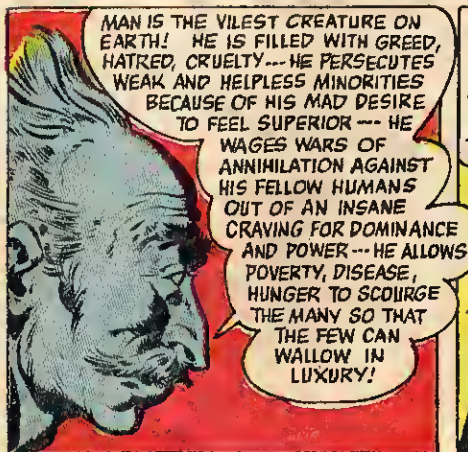




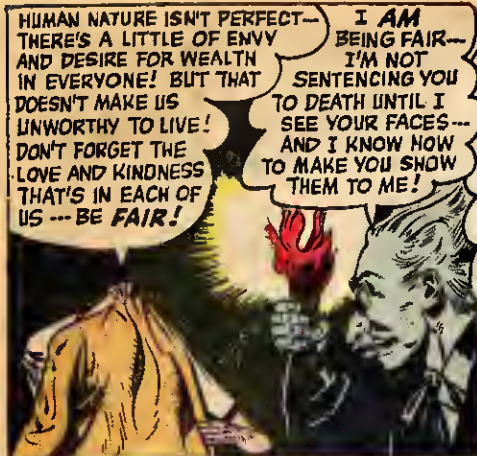
"THEN, AT THE END OF THE CAVE, A GHASTLY SIGHT MET OUR HORRIFIED EYES..."

SHH --- DON'T MAKE ANY OUTCRY, CLAUDIA! JUST... JUST LOOK! IS... IS IT POSSIBLE?

YOU --- MY OWN SON --- TO BETRAY MY DYING WISHES! A THOUSAND CURSES ON YOU FOR OPENING MY TOMB TO THE WORLD! I WANTED IT SEALED BECAUSE THE RING OF ISIS GIVES MY SPIRIT ETERNAL LIFE AFTER DEATH --- AND NEVER AGAIN DID I WANT TO GAZE UPON THE FACES OF THE MOST EVIL RACE ON EARTH --- THE HUMAN RACE!

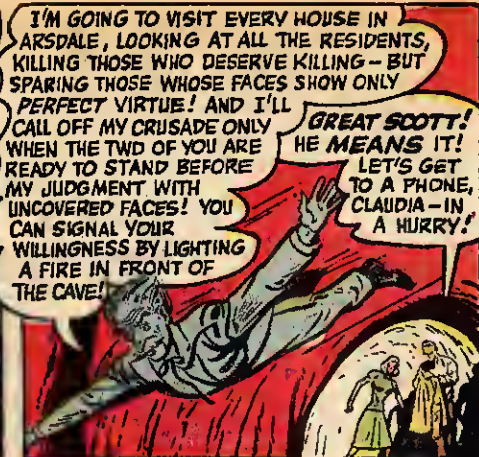






HUMAN NATURE ISN'T PERFECT-- THERE'S A LITTLE OF ENVY AND DESIRE FOR WEALTH IN EVERYONE! BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE US UNWORTHY TO LIVE! DON'T FORGET THE LOVE AND KINDNESS THAT'S IN EACH OF US -- BE FAIR!

I AM BEING FAIR-- I'M NOT SENTENCING YOU TO DEATH UNTIL I SEE YOUR FACES-- AND I KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOU SHOW THEM TO ME!



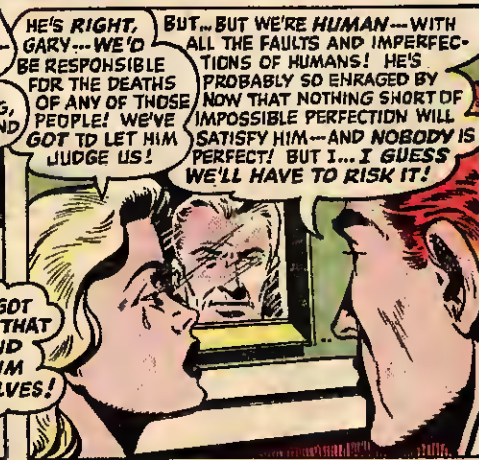
I'M GOING TO VISIT EVERY HOUSE IN ARSDALE, LOOKING AT ALL THE RESIDENTS, KILLING THOSE WHO DESERVE KILLING-- BUT SPARING THOSE WHOSE FACES SHOW ONLY PERFECT VIRTUE! AND I'LL CALL OFF MY CRUSADE ONLY WHEN THE TWO OF YOU ARE READY TO STAND BEFORE MY JUDGMENT WITH UNCOVERED FACES! YOU CAN SIGNAL YOUR WILLINGNESS BY LIGHTING A FIRE IN FRONT OF THE CAVE!

GREAT SCOTT! HE MEANS IT! LET'S GET TO A PHONE, CLAUDIA-- IN A HURRY!



AND THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED! AS SOON AS WE GOT BACK TO THE HOUSE, WE PHONED YOU AND TOLD YOU TO BROADCAST THAT EMERGENCY WARNING!

BUT WE CAN'T LET THE GHOST GO ON LIKE THIS-- HE MIGHT FIND SOME PEOPLE WHO HAVEN'T HEARD THE RADIO WARNING, OR HE MIGHT GET IMPATIENT AND START TEARING THE COVERS OFF PEOPLE'S FACES!



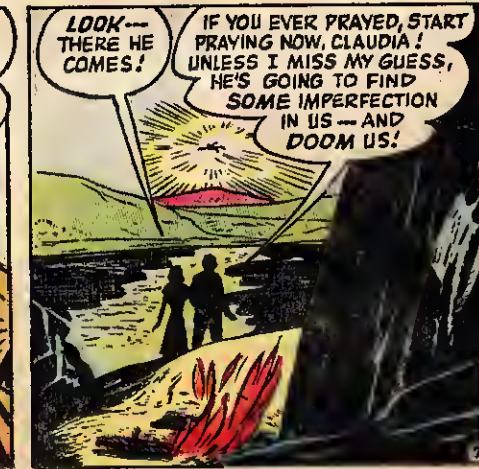
HE'S RIGHT, GARY-- WE'D BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF ANY OF THOSE PEOPLE! WE'VE GOT TO LET HIM JUDGE US!

BUT... BUT WE'RE HUMAN-- WITH ALL THE FAULTS AND IMPERFECTIONS OF HUMANS! HE'S PROBABLY SO ENRAGED BY NOW THAT NOTHING SHORT OF IMPOSSIBLE PERFECTION WILL SATISFY HIM-- AND NOBODY IS PERFECT! BUT I... I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO RISK IT!



BUT GARY-- NOW CAN WE BE SURE THAT NO MATTER NOW HE JUDGES US, HE'LL CALL OFF HIS TERRIBLE CRUSADE AGAINST THE TOWN?

I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT! -- WAIT-- I'VE GOT IT-- THE MIRROR WILL DO THE TRICK! LET'S GO LIGHT THAT FIRE!



LOOK-- THERE HE COMES!

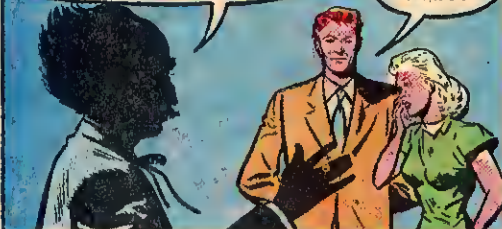
IF YOU EVER PRAYED, START PRAYING NOW, CLAUDIA! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, HE'S GOING TO FIND SOME IMPERFECTION IN US-- AND DOOM US!



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER A LONG, BURNING GATE THAT SEEMS TO PENETRATE INTO THE VERY DEPTHS OF THEIR SOULS...

YOU ARE BOTH COURAGEOUS, SELF-SACRIFICING, CONSIDERATE, WARM-HEARTED --- WITH EVEN A TOUCH OF TRUE NOBILITY ABOUT YOU! YOU'RE ALMOST PERFECT, BUT...NOT PERFECT ENOUGH! I'LL HAVE TO TOUCH YOU--- SEND YOU INTO THE COLD, IMMUTABLE PERFECTION OF DEATH!

NO, DAD--- WAIT!



YOU'RE A SPIRIT, BUT YOU'VE STILL RETAINED YOUR HUMAN FEATURES! LOOK AT YOURSELF IN THIS MIRROR--- SEE WHETHER YOU'RE NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS ENOUGH TO JUDGE OTHERS AND SEND THEM TO THEIR DEATHS!



NO---ND! CAN THAT BE ME? I... I SEE NOTHING BUT TERRIBLE CRUELTY IN MY FACE... WILD FANATICISM... INTOLERANCE FOR HUMAN WEAKNESSES AND FRAILTIES! I... I DESERVE TO BE DESTROYED!



AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR MY SPIRIT TO BE DESTROYED! AS LONG AS THE RING OF ISIS REMAINS ON MY FINGER AFTER DEATH, MY SPIRIT WILL LIVE FOREVER--- BUT AS PUNISHMENT FOR TAKING IT OFF, MY SPIRIT WILL DESCEND TO THE UTTER, FLAMING DEPTHS OF THE WORLD BELOW!--- O ISIS, DREAD GODDESS--- I REMOVE THY SACRED RING --- CONSIGN MY SPIRIT TO THE ETERNAL FLAMES!



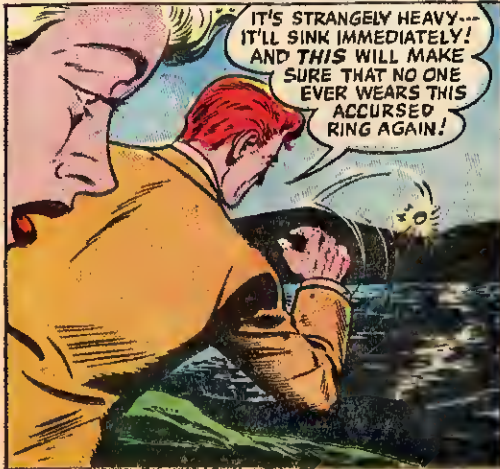
OH, GARY--- HOW... HOW HORRIBLE!

YES, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY! LOOK-- THE RING-- IT'S FALLING OUT OF THE FIRE!

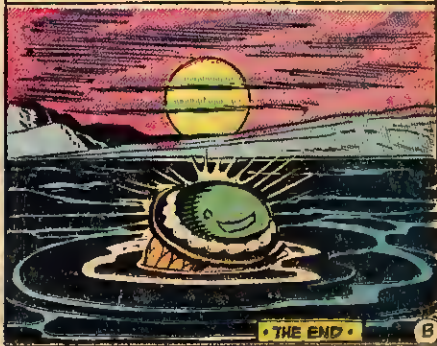
AAAGHH!



IT'S STRANGELY HEAVY--- IT'LL SINK IMMEDIATELY! AND THIS WILL MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE EVER WEARS THIS ACCURSED RING AGAIN!



Yes, the ring was strangely heavy --- but also strangely BUOYANT! And it's either floating somewhere right now, or else it's already been picked up --- by WHOM?



• THE END •

B



Through *the most* **THESE PAGES PASS**  
**RED-BLOODED ADVENTURERS**  
of **HISTORY!**



*It's the brand-new  
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that's got America  
cheering!*

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STANDS!



# WITCH-DOCTOR'S DOLL

**W**H A M !  
Doyle Ferguson struck the ancient, wizened witch-doctor across the face with all his might, and sent him reeling across the floor of the thatched jungle hut.

"Where's that doll?" Doyle shouted, his voice thickened by drink. "I know you've got it... I know you've made a waxen image of me... I know you're the one who's causin' all these pains in my body by stickin' pins into that doll! And I aim to get it away from you if I have to break every bone in that skinny body of yours! *Where is it?*"

Old Khowassi, the African tribe's witch-doctor, looked up imperturbably at the white tyrant who had come to his village two moons ago with many men, guns and whips. As Ferguson began striding menacingly towards him again, Khowassi reached behind him on the floor of the hut, found the doll in the pile of straw, and pressed hard against its chest with his bony fingers. Instantly, Ferguson halted, his hands clutching his chest, a look of awful pain on his face... and a moment later, the ivory-trader was staggering from the medicine-man's hut.

As he watched his enemy leave, Khowassi relaxed the pressure on the doll's body so that Ferguson could make it to his own hut. Perhaps now the ivory trader would tell his men to gather up their whips and guns and order them to leave the land of Khowassi's people. For two moons now, ever since the white men had come up

the jungle river in their flat boats, Khowassi's people had known no peace. Always there were the whips and guns, driving the natives out into the jungle to collect ivory tusks... and against those weapons, Khowassi himself had no defense except *black magic!*

But though he knew he had the power, the old witch-doctor didn't want to kill the tyrants who had enslaved his people. He had hoped that the pains in Ferguson's body would be enough to make him leave the village... and as old Khowassi looked sorrowfully down at the waxen image he held in his hands, he prayed to his jungle gods that he would not have to use any more drastic measures.

A moment later shots rang out, and Khowassi heard Ferguson's voice shouting, "All right, boys, I'm tired of playin' around with that old buzzard of a witch-doctor. No matter *what* happens to me, go in there and fill 'im full o' lead!"

Khowassi knew then that the time had come for drastic measures. He would have to do something that would make Ferguson's men flee in terror, never to return... and he knew just what he had to do.

Quickly, Khowassi lifted the doll to his face and bit off the head.

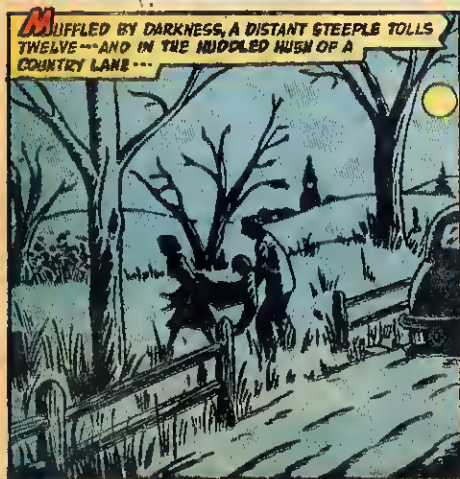
A single piercing scream rang out... and then pandemonium broke loose outside. Ferguson's men threw their weapons away in panic and fled to their boats... after one look at the *headless corpse of their leader.*



# THE GRAVEYARD WANDERER



**N**OTHING MAY SEEM MORE HORRIBLE THAN MURDER AT MIDNIGHT... WITH THE CHIEF ACTORS SWEEPED BY FATE INTO A DRAMA OF DOOM! BUT THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF THE PRICE THEY PAY... AS THE GRIM NIGHT UNFOLDS ITS TORTURED TRAGEDY... AND THE GRAVEYARD WANDERER WALKS!



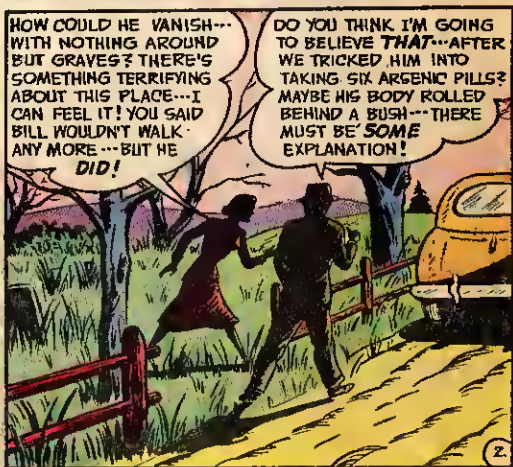
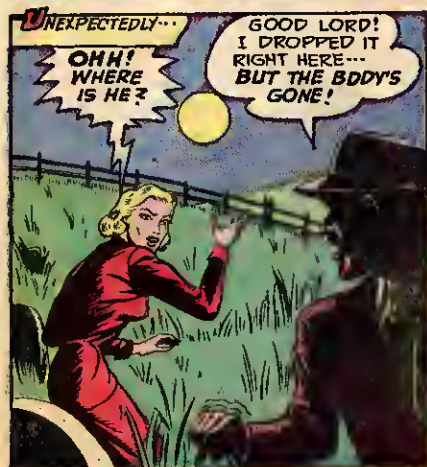
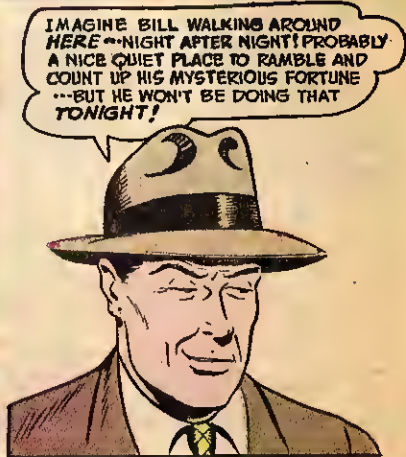
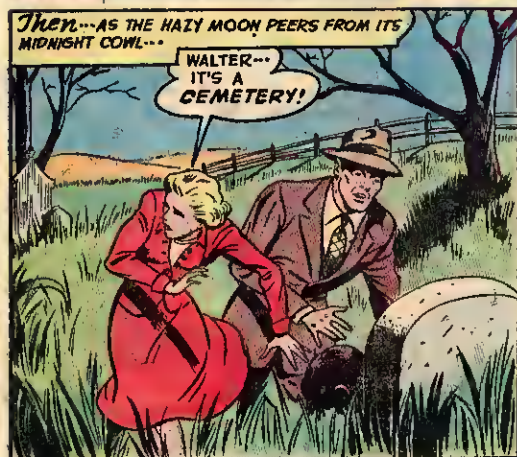
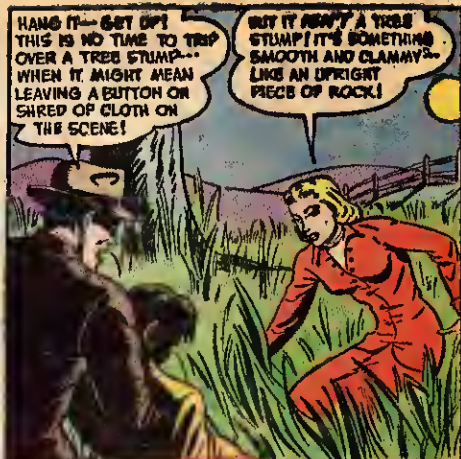
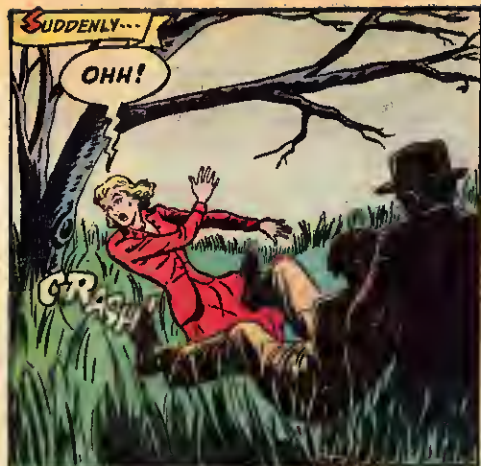
**M**UFFLED BY DARKNESS, A DISTANT STEEPLE TOLLS TWELVE... AND IN THE MUDDLED HUSH OF A COUNTRY LANE...



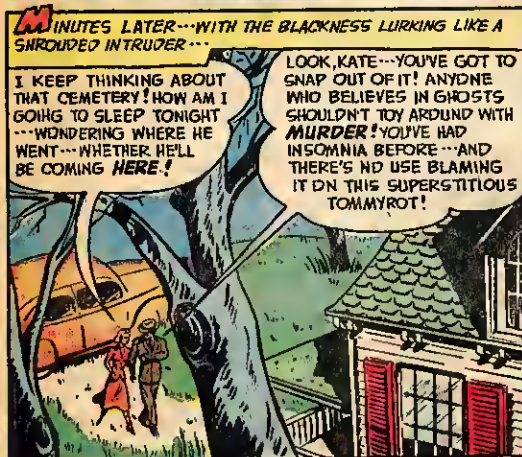
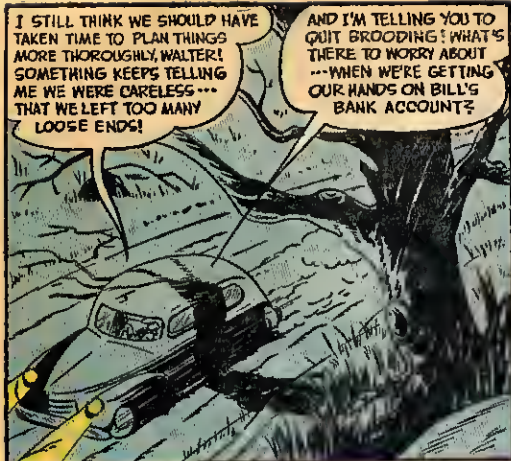
WALTER-- PLEASE! I DON'T LIKE CARRYING HIM AROUND IN THE DARKNESS!

JUST A FEW MORE FEET! EVERYONE KNOWS BILL HASTINGS WAS IN THE HABIT OF TAKING LONELY MIDNIGHT WALKS ALONG THIS ROAD--AND WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF HE'D BEEN HURLED SEVERAL YARDS AFTER BEING HIT BY A SPEEDING CAR!













I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BOBBLE IT! I PLAN THINGS SO THAT HE'LL TAKE THE ARSENIC WITHOUT A HITCH--AND WE WIND UP WITHOUT A SIGNATURE ON THIS WILL!

DON'T BLAME ME! I TOLD YOU WE DIDN'T WORK IT OUT CAREFULLY ENOUGH--AND THERE'S ONE PROOF OF IT!



WELL--THAT'S TACKLED UP! THERE'S NO USE WONDERING ABOUT WHERE BILL GOT HIS MONEY--BECAUSE WE'RE NOT WHERETWO IT!

WALTER--  
WAIT!

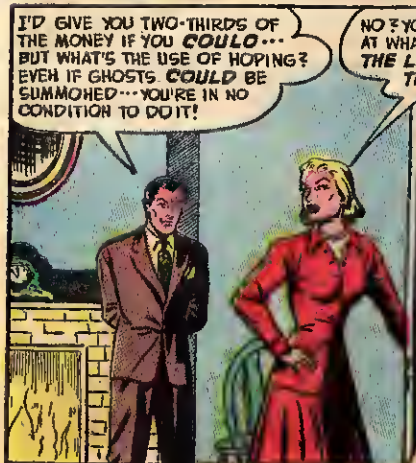


IF HE'S WANDERING AROUND--IF HE ISN'T WHERE WE LEFT HIM--MAYBE IT ISN'T TOO LATE!

YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING TO GET THE SIGNATURE NOW--FROM A GHOST?

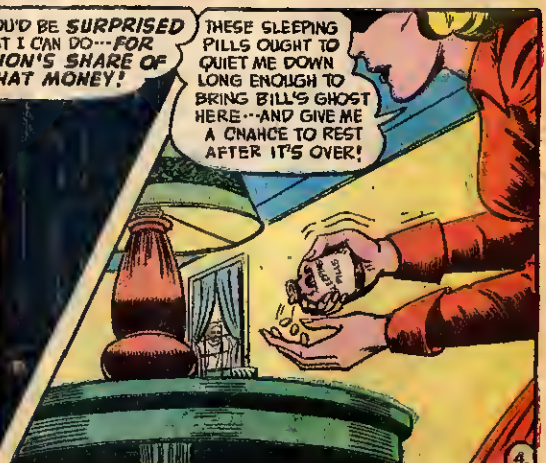


THAT'S THE NEXT STEP, ISN'T IT--AFTER WE'VE GONE THIS FAR? IF I CAN ONLY QUIET MY FRAZZLED NERVES LONG ENOUGH TO GO INTO A TRANCE, I KNOW I CAN RAISE BILL'S SPIRIT--AND MAKE IT OBEY! I'M AN EXPERIENCED MEDIUM...



I'D GIVE YOU TWO-THIRDS OF THE MONEY IF YOU COULD... BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF HOPING? EVEN IF GHOSTS COULD BE SUMMONED--YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO DO IT!

NO? YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT WHAT I CAN DO--FOR THE LION'S SHARE OF THAT MONEY!



THESE SLEEPING PILLS OUGHT TO QUIET ME DOWN LONG ENOUGH TO BRING BILL'S GHOST HERE--AND GIVE ME A CHANCE TO REST AFTER IT'S OVER!



**A** MOMENT LATER...

SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THIS MESSING AROUND WITH THE DEAD, KATE! YOU **SURE** YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH IT?

WHY NOT? IT'S STRANGE... BUT ONCE I'VE CALMED DOWN, I'M NOT AT ALL AFRAID OF DEATH! AND EVEN THOUGH I HAVEN'T STARTED TO INVOKE BILL'S SPIRIT, DEATH IS WHAT I FEEL... **AND IT'S CLOSE!**



THERE'S THAT HIDEOUS NOISE AGAIN! IT SEEMS TO BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE CAR... BUT I CAN'T SEE A THING!



DOESN'T THAT **PROVE** HE'S WANDERING? BILL'S GHOST IS OUTSIDE... AND ONCE MY TRANCE TAKES HOLD... YOU'LL SEE **PLENTY!**



IT ISN'T THAT I'M AFRAID OF SPIRITS... BUT I HOPE YOU CAN PULL YOURSELF OUT OF THIS, KATE! YOU'RE GOING UNDER MIGHTY FAST!



DON'T... WORRY! THE... SLEEPING PILLS... HELPED!

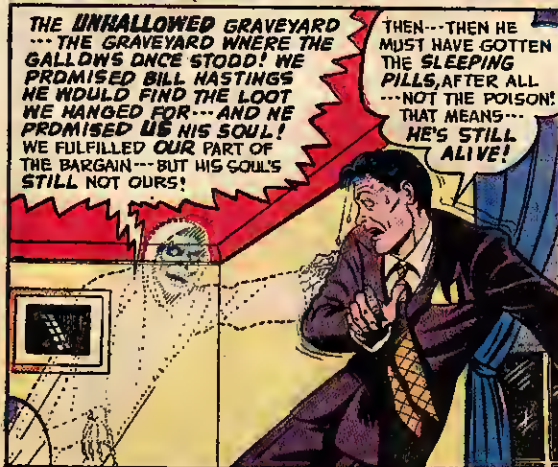
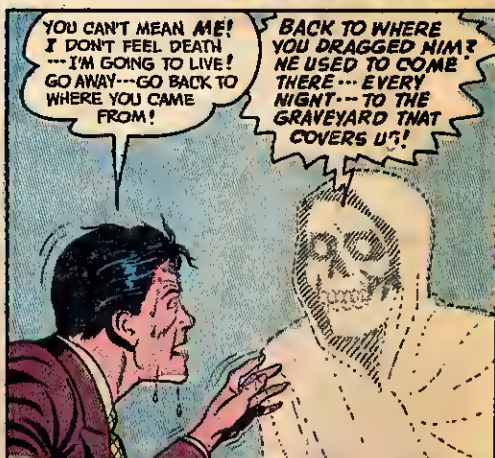
**SLEEPING PILLS!** GOOD LORD... YOU DIDN'T... YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE TAKEN THEM FROM THAT BOTTLE!



KATE... KATE... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW! **THAT'S** THE BOTTLE I RIGGED UP FOR BILL... YOU'VE TAKEN, **ARSENIC!**





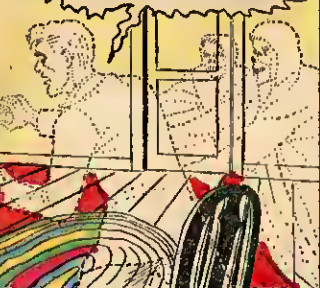




**BILL!** THAT CAN'T BE YOU---  
A **GHOST!** THE REASON  
WHY YOU DISAPPEARED IN  
THE GRAVEYARD WAS THAT  
YOU **WALKED AWAY**---  
YOU WERE **FLESH AND  
BLOOD!**



**YES---I MANAGED TO STAGGER  
BACK TO THE CAR WHEN KATE  
STUMBLED---AND COLLAPSED  
WHEN THE SLEEPING PILLS  
TOOK EFFECT! BUT IT WAS A  
SLEEP I'LL NEVER AWAKEN  
FROM, WALTER---BECAUSE  
THE CARBON MONOXIDE  
FUMES KILLED ME!**



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S A  
TRICK---YOU'RE TRYING TO  
GET EVEN BY **DRIVING ME  
OUT OF MY MIND!**



YOU'RE NOT GOING  
TO GET ME **THAT EASILY!**  
BLAST YOU---YOU'LL WISH  
YOU **STAYED IN THE  
CAR!**



THAT MUST BE THE GUY!  
DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES  
---HE MUST BE A  
**HOMICIDAL MANIAC!**



**IN THE NEXT INSTANT---**

**HAA  
HA  
HA!**

**AAAGH!**



**SOON AFTERWARD...**

**HE'S FINISHED---**  
AND THERE'S A DEAD  
WOMAN SLUMPED IN  
THAT CHAIR BACK THERE!  
DID YOU LOOK OVER  
THE CAR PARKED IN THE  
DRIVEWAY?



**YEP! THE LICENSE CHECKS WITH  
THE ONE THAT MOTORIST REPORTED  
---AND THE MAN HE SAID HE SAW  
STUMBLING IN MUST BE THE STIFF  
I FOUND SPRAWLED IN THE BACK!  
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT,  
JOE?**



**MY GUESS IS THAT THIS NUT  
PULLED A DOUBLE MURDER!  
AND IF THAT'S WHAT THE **CAR-**  
**OWNER** DECIDES, IT'LL BE THE  
FIRST HOMICIDE IN THIS COUNTY  
FOR A LONG, LONG TIME---AND  
THERE'LL BE A NEW GRAVE IN  
THAT SPOOKY LITTLE  
CEMETERY DOWN THE  
ROAD!**





EDITOR



**H**ELLO, all you "Adventures Into The Unknown" fans! It's time for another get-together...and some more of that good talk that always flows when friends meet. And since we're all friends, dedicated to the single purpose of keeping this the world's greatest magazine of the supernatural, let's get in the mood!

Ready? Then sit silently, breathlessly, while the lights are dimmed, and watch the fitful flicker of the firelight as it builds strange visions of the eerie world of shadows. And while the lonely howl of the wind casts its spell, let's tell ghost stories!

Yes, telling ghost stories is our job...and tales of zombies, vampires, witches, werewolves...all denizens of the great *Unknown*! It's a job that doesn't allow for rest. Bringing you the best calls for the services of experts on the weird, the occult, the supernatural. Towards this end, we've assembled a large staff of editors, writers, research men, artists...

all combining their efforts to make this *your* magazine, published as you want it. And out of our collective endeavors emerges this current issue, hand-tailored for your satisfaction. You'll find such stories as "Ghostly Destroyer", wherein a specter passes deadly judgment on mortals. Then, there's the weird "Graveyard Wanderer", pitting ghosts against killers in a strange vengeance from beyond. You'll get a thrill out of "Ozark Witches"...and a gasp-laden challenge from "The Phantom That Foretold". "Beast From The Beyond" packs a potent punch... "Uncanny Mysteries" is back for another chilling fling...and "Curse of the Catacombs" reaches heights of macabre suspense such as you'll seldom meet!

If you like them, let us know...and if you don't, tell us why! We want to learn what you think of our magazine and our stories! For some of our other readers' opinions, take a look at these randomly-selected letters:

"Dear Editor:-

Just to let you know how much I love all the stories in 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. I read it whenever I can get it. Too bad that Britain hasn't got anything to equal this wonderful magazine!

-- Peter James, Cardiff, Wales."

"Dear Editor:-

Of all the comic books I have read, I have never come across one more interesting than 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. The stories I like more are the ones like 'The Marriage of Death' and 'The Vampire's Castle'. Keep up the splendid work!

-- Sammy Sanseverino, Brooklyn, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:-

I have read a good many comics in my life, but none has been as good as 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. I think this book is tops! My favorites have been 'The Women Wore Black', 'The Werewolf Stalks', 'The Castle of Otranto' and now 'A Night In Black Knoll'. But I would like to see some stories about haunted houses. I'd like to say, on behalf of my friends and myself...thanks for a swell job!

-- Adolfo Canas, Alice, Texas."

We'll be waiting for YOUR letter, reader!



# OZARK WITCHES



THE OZARK NATIVES WILL TELL YOU THE TALE OF ONE SKEPTICAL CITY-SLICKER WHO LAUGHED AT THEIR STORIES...AND WHO FOOLISHLY DARED TO SPEND A NIGHT IN A NOTORIOUS WITCH'S SHACK!

YOU'D BETTER TAKE THIS PISTOL FER PERFECTION! IT'S GOT A SILVER BULLET IN IT ---JEST THE THING IN CASE THAT WITCH SHOWS UP!

I'LL TAKE IT---JUST TO HUMOR YOU! BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU GENTLEMEN THAT **NOTHING** WILL DISTURB MY SLEEP!



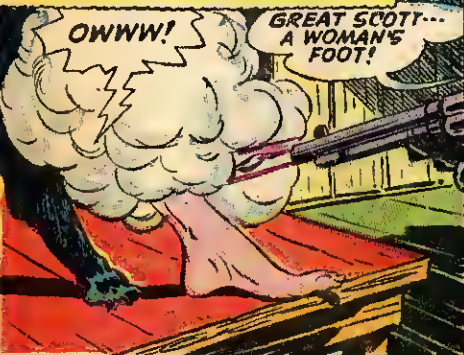
**B**UT THAT NIGHT...

THAT---THAT **CAT**---IT LOOKS AS IF IT'S ABOUT TO POUNCE ON ME! I'D BETTER FIRE AT IT AND SCARE IT AWAY!



**Y**OU'VE HEARD TALES OF THE WITCHES OF OLDEN DALES, IN ENGLAND ---IN SALEM---BUT DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT WITCHCRAFT MIGHT **NEVER** HAVE ACTUALLY DIED OUT---THAT WITCHES MIGHT STILL BE PLYING THEIR EVIL TRADE IN 1951---**TODAY?** IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT THAT, JUST ASK THE MOUNTAINEERS LIVING AROUND THE DEEP CANYON KNOWN AS **DEVIL'S HALF ACRE** IN THE HEART OF THE OZARK MOUNTAINS NEAR MENA, ARKANSAS! THEY BELIEVE IN WITCHES---AND THEY'LL GIVE YOU PROOF APLENTY!

THE MAN FIRED---THE CAT YOWLED WITH PAIN IN A **WOMAN'S** UNMISTAKABLE VOICE---AND THROUGH THE GUNSMOKE, THE DOUBTING STRANGER SAW---



**A** TRAIL OF BLOOD LED TO A WOODED GROVE NEARBY ---AND THERE THE EASTERNER SAW THE TERRIBLE SIGHT OF AN ANCIENT MAG, BLEEDING FROM A WOUND IN HER FOOT---AND YOWLING AND SPITTING LIKE A CAT!





**A**NOTHER DOUBTING EASTERER DECIDED TO TAKE A PICTURE OF AN OLD WOMAN WHO THE MOUNTAINEERS CLAIMED WAS A WITCH...

HOLD IT...  
THAT'S  
IT!



**B**UT WHEN THE PICTURE WAS DEVELOPED...

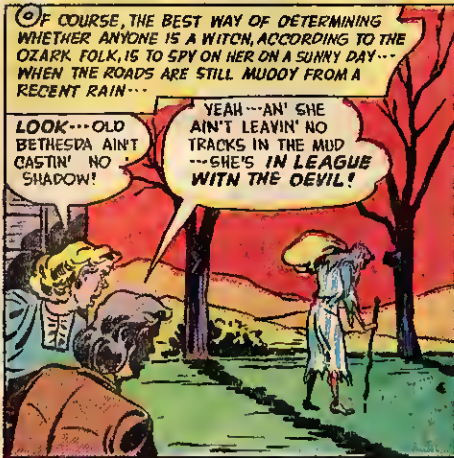
IT...IT'S **UNBELIEVABLE**  
...EVERY DETAIL OF THE  
SHACK IS CRYSTAL CLEAR  
...BUT THE OLD WOMAN  
ISN'T THERE!



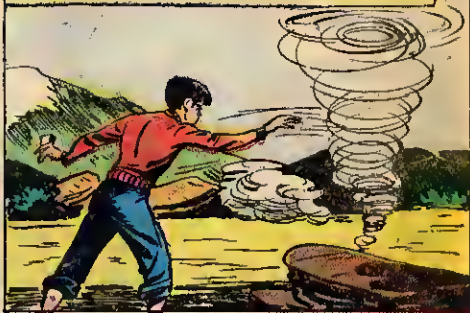
**O**F COURSE, THE BEST WAY OF DETERMINING WHETHER ANYONE IS A WITCH, ACCORDING TO THE OZARK FOLK, IS TO SPY ON HER ON A SUNNY DAY... WHEN THE ROADS ARE STILL MUDDY FROM A RECENT RAIN...

LOOK...OLD  
BETHEDA AINT  
CASTIN' NO  
SHADOW!

YEAH--AN' SHE  
AIN'T LEAVIN' NO  
TRACKS IN THE MUD  
--SHE'S IN LEAGUE  
WITH THE DEVIL!



**A**LL OZARK MOUNTAINEERS KNOW THAT WITCHES CAN MAKE THEMSELVES INVISIBLE, AND THAT THEY INHABIT THOSE LITTLE WHIRLWINDS EVERYONE SEES ALONG THE DUSTY SUMMER ROADS! BUT THE WAY TO MAKE THEM APPEAR IS TO THROW A PINCH OF DUST FROM A CERTAIN KIND OF PUFFBALL, KNOWN LOCALLY AS THE DEVIL'S SNUFFBOX, RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE WHIRLWIND...



...AND THEN YOU'D BETTER RUN AS IF THE DEVIL HIMSELF WERE BEHIND YOU!



**B**UT IF ANY WITCH PLAGUES YOU, THE EASIEST WAY TO GET RID OF HER, ACCORDING TO THE OZARK WISE MEN, IS TO DRAW A RUDE PICTURE OF THE WITCH ON THE NORTH SIDE OF A BLACK OAK TREE, AND DRIVE A NAIL INTO THE HEART OF THE PICTURE! IF THE WITCH DOESN'T FIND THE TREE AND PULL OUT THE NAIL, SHE'S SUPPOSED TO DIE VERY SOON!



**A**RE THESE THINGS MERE SUPERSTITIONS... OR **BLACK MAGIC**? WHO KNOWS... EXCEPT THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN WITCHES WITH THEIR OWN EYES-- LIKE THE OZARK MOUNTAINEERS?



The End!



# The PHANTOM that FORETOLD

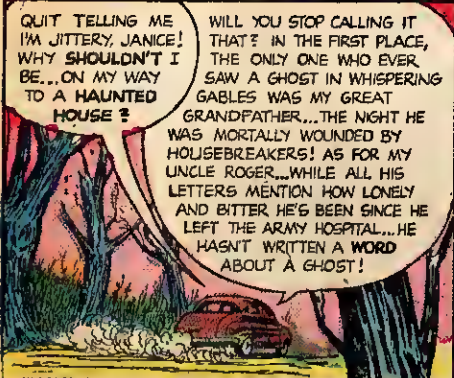
“CAN BEINGS WITHOUT LIFE SENSE THE HEARING PRESENCE OF DEATH...CAN THEY FEEL ITS EERIE CHILL CREEP THROUGH THE WAITING DARKNESS? WHISPERING GABLES KNEW THEM BOTH...THE HOODED FIGURE OF DEATH, AND A PHANTOM THAT FORETOLD...AND WHAT IT FORETOLD HOLDS A SHIVERING SHOCK YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!”



“IT WAS THE KIND OF NIGHT WHEN SUCH THINGS COULD HAPPEN...WHEN DEATH RIDES UNSEEN WITH PEOPLE LIKE THESE!”

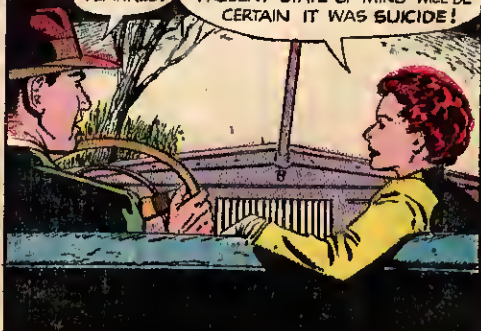
QUIT TELLING ME I'M JITTERY, JANICE! WHY SHOULDN'T I BE...ON MY WAY TO A HAUNTED HOUSE?

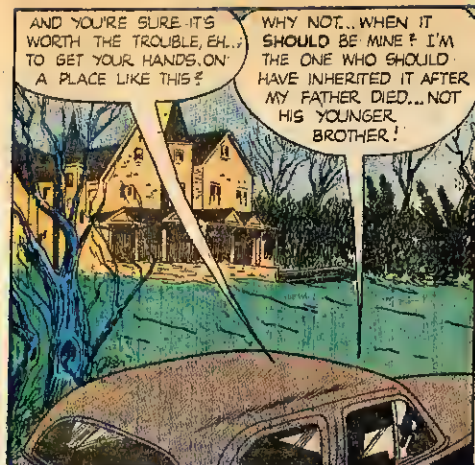
WILL YOU STOP CALLING IT THAT? IN THE FIRST PLACE, THE ONLY ONE WHO EVER SAW A GHOST IN WHISPERING GABLES WAS MY GREAT GRANDFATHER...THE NIGHT HE WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED BY HOUSEBREAKERS! AS FOR MY UNCLE ROGER...WHILE ALL HIS LETTERS MENTION HOW LONELY AND BITTER HE'S BEEN SINCE HE LEFT THE ARMY HOSPITAL...HE HASN'T WRITTEN A WORD ABOUT A GHOST!



NOW THAT YOU'VE CHECKED THAT OFF...MAYBE YOU CAN SUGAR-COAT THE CRIME WE'VE GOT PLANNED!

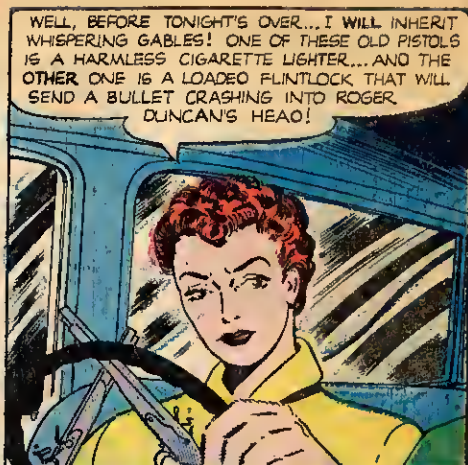
DARLING, I'M NOT SURE OF THE MARK THE WAR LEFT ON MY UNCLE ROGER...BUT I DO KNOW THAT ONCE HE'S DEAD, ANYONE WHO'S HAD ANY IDEA OF HIS PRESENT STATE OF MIND WILL BE CERTAIN IT WAS SUICIDE!





AND YOU'RE SURE IT'S WORTH THE TROUBLE, EH... TO GET YOUR HANDS ON A PLACE LIKE THIS?

WHY NOT...WHEN IT SHOULD BE MINE? I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD HAVE INHERITED IT AFTER MY FATHER DIED...NOT HIS YOUNGER BROTHER!

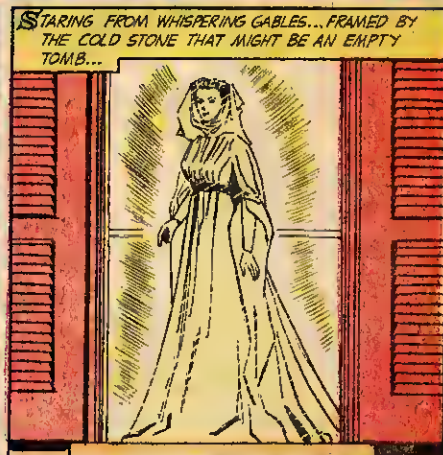


WELL, BEFORE TONIGHT'S OVER...I WILL INHERIT WHISPERING GABLES! ONE OF THESE OLD PISTOLS IS A HARMLESS CIGARETTE LIGHTER...AND THE OTHER ONE IS A LOADED FLINTLOCK THAT WILL SEND A BULLET CRASHING INTO ROGER DUNCAN'S HEAD!

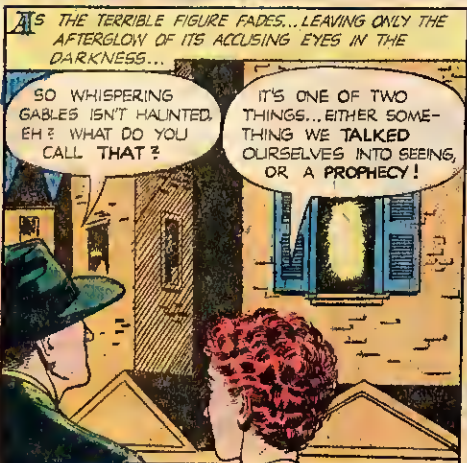


TOO BAD WE GOT STUCK ON THAT DETOUR, MARTIN! DID YOU KNOW YOUR TANK IS JUST ABOUT EMPTY?

JANICE! GOOD LORD...LOOK!



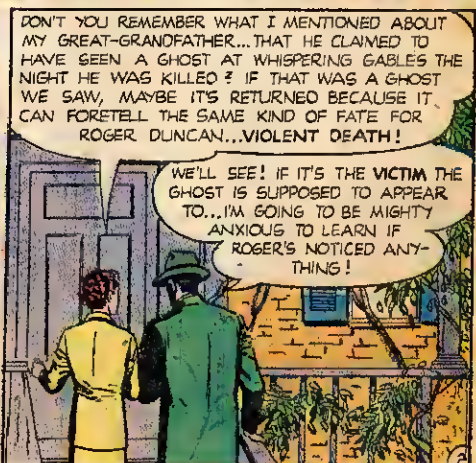
STARING FROM WHISPERING GABLES...FRAMED BY THE COLD STONE THAT MIGHT BE AN EMPTY TOMB...



AS THE TERRIBLE FIGURE FADES...LEAVING ONLY THE AFTERGLOW OF ITS ACCUSING EYES IN THE DARKNESS...

SO WHISPERING GABLES ISN'T HAUNTED, EH? WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?

IT'S ONE OF TWO THINGS...EITHER SOMETHING WE TALKED OURSELVES INTO SEEING, OR A PROPHECY!



DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT I MENTIONED ABOUT MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER...THAT HE CLAIMED TO HAVE SEEN A GHOST AT WHISPERING GABLES THE NIGHT HE WAS KILLED? IF THAT WAS A GHOST WE SAW, MAYBE IT'S RETURNED BECAUSE IT CAN FORETELL THE SAME KIND OF FATE FOR ROGER DUNCAN...VIOLENT DEATH!

WE'LL SEE! IF IT'S THE VICTIM THE GHOST IS SUPPOSED TO APPEAR TO...I'M GOING TO BE MIGHTY ANXIOUS TO LEARN IF ROGER'S NOTICED ANYTHING!



**DARKNESS ANYWHERE SEEMS TO HARBOR A SECRET... BUT WHAT DARKNESS HERE... AND WHAT A SECRET!**

UNCLE ROGER!  
IT'S JANICE...  
WHERE ARE  
YOU?

QUIET A  
MINUTE...  
THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
COMING DOWN  
THE STAIRS!

CLUMP  
CLUMP

JANICE... AFTER ALL  
THESE YEARS!

SORRY TO KEEP YOU  
WAITING... BUT IT'S  
BEEN MY HABIT TO GO  
UPSTAIRS TO THE  
LIBRARY AFTER DINNER!  
THOSE BOOKS USED  
TO MEAN SO  
MUCH...

YOU WERE  
IN THE  
LIBRARY,  
UNCLE  
ROGER? DID YOU  
NOTICE  
ANYTHING  
THERE A  
MOMENT AGO...  
ANYTHING...  
SUPERNATURAL?

THE SAME LITTLE CHILDLIKE  
JANICE... STILL AFRAID OF THE  
GHOST YOU HEARD THE SERVANTS  
TALK ABOUT WHEN YOU VISITED  
WHISPERING GABLES YEARS AGO!  
BUT COME INSIDE... WE TWO HAVE  
PLENTY OF OTHER THINGS TO  
DISCUSS!

WE TWO! I HOPE  
YOU DON'T MEAN TO  
BE RUDE TO MARTIN,  
UNCLE ROGER...  
CONSIDERING I'M  
ABOUT TO MARRY  
HIM!

OF COURSE I DIDN'T MEAN TO  
BE RUDE! BUT IT'S A MATTER  
THAT NEEDS LONG EXPLAINING...  
AND THAT'S WHY I'M GLAD  
JANICE AND I ARE GETTING  
TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME  
SINCE MY REGIMENT LEFT FOR  
THE SOUTH PACIFIC IN 1942!

HE WAS  
UPSTAIRS...  
AND HE DIDN'T  
SEE THE GHOST!  
JANICE... I  
DON'T LIKE  
THIS CRAZY  
SETUP!

DON'T BE A FOOL!  
CAN'T YOU SEE  
THAT HE'S THE  
ONLY CRAZY  
THING AROUND  
HERE... THAT THE  
WAR'S LEFT HIM  
AN ABSENT-  
MINDED WRECK WHO  
DOESN'T NOTICE  
ANYTHING?

I DON'T SUPPOSE I'VE WRITTEN VERY CHEERFUL LETTERS SINCE LEAVING THE ARMY HOSPITAL, JANICE! BUT THE FACT IS, I'VE KEPT ONE THING TO MYSELF... SOMETHING I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT!

POOR UNCLE ROGER! I'VE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR ALL ABOUT WHAT YOU WENT THROUGH DURING THE WAR... BUT CAN'T WE HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S REST FIRST? YOU SEE... I WAS PLANNING THIS MOMENT FOR A LITTLE SURPRISE!

IT'S A CIGARETTE LIGHTER, UNCLE ROGER... A GIFT! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THE TRIGGER LIKE THIS... SEE?



THAT WAS VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, JANICE! I'LL TRY IT OUT IN A MOMENT OR SO... WHEN I HAVE MY BEDTIME CIGAR!

I'LL LEAVE IT RIGHT HERE! ENJOY YOUR CIGAR UNTIL WE GET BACK... I'D LOVE TO HAVE MARTIN SEE HOW THE GARDEN LOOKS BY MOONLIGHT!



**[A MOMENT LATER...]**

YOU AND YOUR STUPID FOREBODINGS! EVERYTHING'S WORKING OUT BEAUTIFULLY DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL... INCLUDING THIS GASOLINE WE FOUND IN THE GARAGE!

SPEAKING OF LAST DETAILS... LISTEN!



ONCE IT'S OVER WITH... I DON'T WANT TO SPEND ANOTHER MINUTE IN THIS PLACE UNTIL HIS BODY'S BEEN REMOVED! I CAN FEEL THAT GHOST... SOMEWHERE!

DO YOU THINK I WANT TO STAY... WHEN WE MAY HAVE TO PROVE WE HAVEN'T BEEN HERE AT ALL? LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND SOME GASOLINE IN THE GARAGE... SO WE CAN LEAVE THE MOMENT WE HEAR THE SHOT!



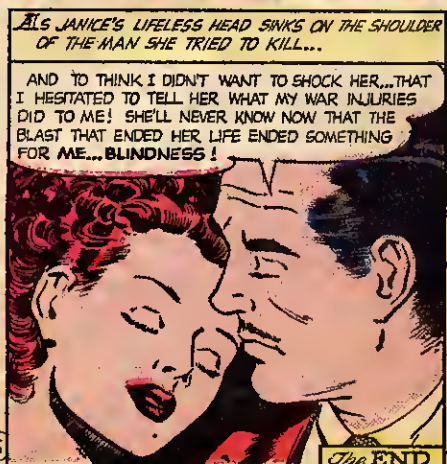
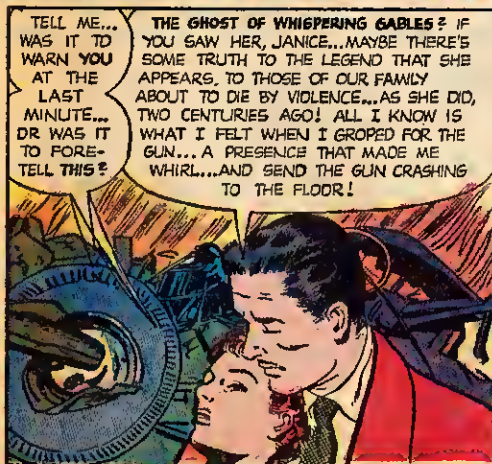
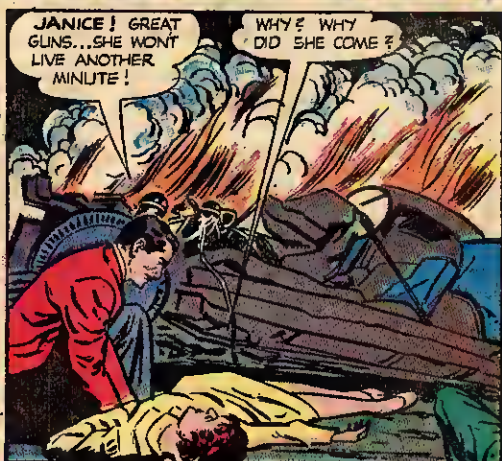
**SUDDENLY... FROM THE ECHOING DEPTHS OF WHISPERING GABLES...**

**JANICE! JANICE!**

GOOD HEAVENS... THAT'S UNCLE ROGER'S VOICE! BUT I CAN SEE TWO FIGURES... MOVING TOWARD THE WINDOW!







# INDIAN ROPE TRICK

**T**OMMY FIRST SAW the rope on his way back from school, while he was passing the warehouse of the Imperial India Import Company. Even though the building was a few blocks out of his way, he'd always made a habit of passing it...not only because of the fascinating odors of strange, aromatic, oriental spices that emanated from the crates in the warehouse, but also because taking the detour gave him an excuse for arriving a little later at the home he hated. "Home" to Tommy meant the malicious, spiteful, crabbing old spinster aunt who'd become his guardian after the death of his parents in an accident...and Tommy would always loiter around the warehouse as long as he dared in an attempt to postpone going back to the scoldings and beatings that had been coming his way more and more frequently lately.

It was out of idle curiosity that Tommy picked up the rope which was lying on the sidewalk, near the door of the warehouse. At first, he'd thought it might have come off one of the crates with strange Hindu markings he'd seen inside the building...but when he realized the rope was just an ordinary-looking one, with nothing romantic or oriental about it, he threw it impatiently away.

But the rope didn't fall!

Amazed, Tommy stared at the length of rope that was suspended from nothingness in the air. It was just stretched out tight, straight up into the air...and when Tommy reached up and tugged at it, it wouldn't come down!

"It...it's a rope used in the Indian rope trick, I betcha,"

Tommy said excitedly. "I wonder if it'll hold my weight so I can climb up and see what's above it..."

Half an hour later, Tommy ran breathlessly into his house and shouted, "Aunt Della...look what I found! It's a rope that stays up in the air until you tell it to come down...and if you climb up it, you go right into a funny, happy little world where everyone sings and dances and plays all day long, and everybody is kind and good and..."

S l a p !

The whack across Tommy's face brought tears of anger to his eyes, but he knew better than to resist when his aunt took him by the ear and marched him outside. "I'll teach you to tell such outrageous lies," his aunt said shrilly. "You take that filthy old rope and throw it in the trash can...and if I ever see you with it again, I'll burn it!"

In back of the house, Tommy knew he couldn't destroy the rope that had opened up such a wonderful, happy, magical world to him...and he knew just what he had to do.

A moment later, a street-cleaner passing by gaped in awe as he saw a little boy climbing hand over hand up a rope that stretched up into the air, but wasn't suspended by anything. When the boy reached the top of the rope, his head disappeared first, then the rest of his body, and finally his legs. Then the boy's arms reappeared from nothingness, grabbed the top of the rope and hauled it up after him...into the great Unknown!



# BEAST *from the* BEYOND



**H**UMANS --- FACE TO FACE WITH AN INCREDIBLY EVIL BEAST FROM THE BEYOND --- FROM OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS UNKNOWN ITSELF! HERE'S A STRANGE STORY, TO BE WHISPERED FEARFULLY IN THE MIDNIGHT SHADOWS --- A STORY OF A BEAST WHO HID ITS IDENTITY BY ADOPTING A MORTAL FRAME! IT MIGHT BE YOU, ME, OR THE MAN NEXT DOOR --- BUT BEWARE! THERE'S A BEAST FROM THE BEYOND --- AT LARGE!

**O**UR STORY OPENS ON A DESOLATE GLACIAL ICECAP, DEEP WITHIN THE FRIGID ARCTIC ---

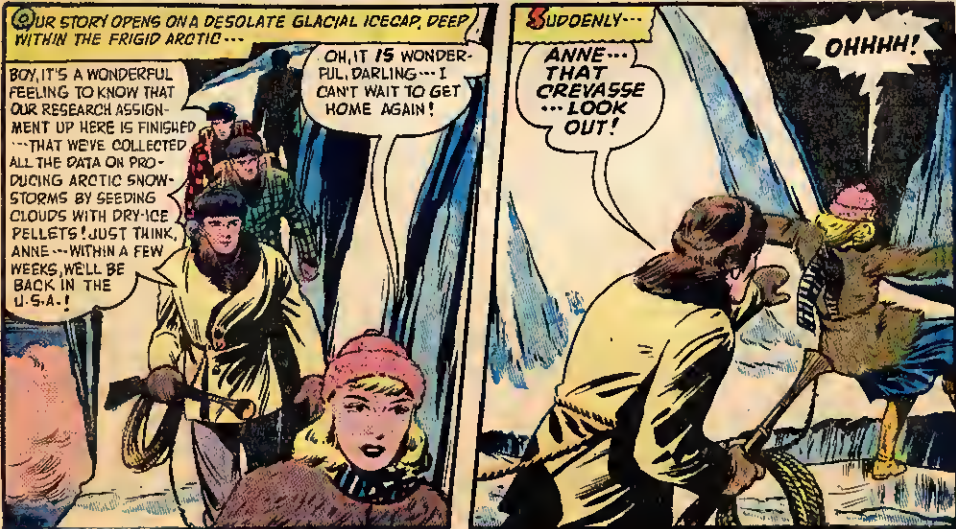
BOY, IT'S A WONDERFUL FEELING TO KNOW THAT OUR RESEARCH ASSIGNMENT UP HERE IS FINISHED --- THAT WE'VE COLLECTED ALL THE DATA ON PRODUCING ARCTIC SNOW-STORMS BY SEEDING CLOUDS WITH DRY-ICE PELLETS! JUST THINK, ANNE --- WITHIN A FEW WEEKS, WE'LL BE BACK IN THE U.S.A.!

OH, IT IS WONDERFUL, DARLING --- I CAN'T WAIT TO GET HOME AGAIN!

**S**UDDENLY---

ANNE --- THAT CREVASSE --- LOOK OUT!

OHhhh!





SHE'S GONE OVER...  
BRACE YOURSELVES  
FOR THE END OF HER  
FALL!

IF---IF ONLY  
WE DON'T SLIP  
ON THIS  
ICE!



OH, THANK HEAVENS  
FOR THIS ROPE---AND  
FOR MY NOT HAVING  
PULLED ALL OF THEM  
DOWN WITH ME!

RELAX, SWEET-  
HEART... WE'RE  
GOING TO START  
PULLING YOU  
UP!



BUT AS THE ROPE  
IS HAULED UP---

THAT---  
THAT THING  
---OH, NO...  
NO!



GREAT SCOTT---SHE'S  
OUT COLD! THERE'S  
NOTHING IN THIS WORLD  
THAT COULD MAKE HER  
FAINT---SHE MUST BE  
HURT!

I DON'T THINK SO---  
SHE LOOKS AS IF  
SHE'S IN A STATE  
OF SNOCK! LET'S  
GET HER UP AND  
REVIVE HER!



**M**INUTES LATER---

THANK HEAVENS  
YOU'VE COME  
TO! ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT?

YES, I---I  
---OH, NOW  
I REMEMBER!  
IN THAT CREVASSE  
---ENCASED IN A  
BLOCK OF ICE---  
THERE WAS A  
HORRIBLE, UNHOLY  
THING---LIKE A  
BEAST FROM OUT  
OF THIS WORLD!



POOR KID---THAT  
FALL PROBABLY  
MADE HER TEM-  
PORARILY  
DELIRIOUS!

BUT WHAT  
IF SHE  
ISN'T  
DELIRIOUS,  
DAWSON---WHAT  
IF SHE REALLY SAW  
SOMETHING? ONE OF  
US HAS GOT TO GO  
DOWN THERE AND  
FIND OUT!



LET ME GO---I'M THE LEAST VALUABLE  
MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION---AND I  
DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU OTHERS  
RISKING YOUR  
LIVES!

THANKS, HAWKINS---  
YOU'RE THE KINDEST,  
MOST CONSIDERATE GUY  
I KNOW! BUT SINCE IT  
WAS MY BRIDE'S WORDS  
THAT'LL BE SENDING ONE  
OF US DOWN THERE, I'M  
THE ONE TO RISK MY  
LIFE!



Then, AS METEOROLOGIST GIL BRYER DESCENDS INTO THE GREVASSE...

GREAT SOOT...  
IT'S TRUE! IT'S  
GHASTLY... LIKE NO-  
THING EVER BEFORE  
SEEN ON EARTH!



WHEN GIL IS NAILED BACK UP... IT... IT DOES SOUND

ANNE DID SEE IT... I  
SAW IT! IT'S THE GREATEST  
FIND OF THE AGE... A PER-  
FECTLY PRESERVED SPECI-  
MEN OF AN INCREDIBLE PRE-  
HISTORIC BEAST! YOU'RE  
LEADER OF THIS EXPEDITION.  
CUMMINGS... WHAT SAY WE  
CUT THAT BLOCK OF ICE  
OUT OF THE SIDE OF  
THE GREVASSE...  
WE'LL BE ABLE TO  
STUDY IT!

LIKE AN IMPORTANT  
DISCOVERY! DAWGON...  
HAWKINS... GET TO CAMP  
AS FAST AS YOU CAN AND  
BRING BACK A BLOCK AND  
TACKLE! I'LL START HELPING  
GIL CHOP AWAY AT THAT  
ICE!



HOURS LATER...

THERE... WE'RE  
GETTING IT...  
JUST A LITTLE  
MORE... PULL!



I... I'M STRONG ENOUGH  
TO WALK BACK TO CAMP  
NOW, GIL... AND ANYWAY,  
I'D FAINT AGAIN IF I  
HAD TO RIDE SITTING  
ON TOP OF THAT... THAT  
BEAST!

ALL RIGHT, DARLING...  
WOW... LOOK AT  
THOSE DOGS GO!  
THEY'RE RUNNING AS  
IF TO GET AWAY FROM  
IT... AS IF THEY'RE IN  
TERROR OF SOMETHING  
THAT'S ALIVE!



BACK AT THE SCIENTISTS' CAMP... NO... I'M AGAINST

THAWING IT, CUMMINGS!  
THOSE DOGS WERE SURE  
GLAD TO GET AWAY FROM  
IT... BUT NOW WE'VE GOT  
TO THAW IT OUT SO WE  
CAN STUDY IT CLOSELY!

ITS STRUCTURE IS UNLIKE THAT  
OF EARTH ANIMALS... IT MAY  
HAVE LANDED IN THAT ICEFIELD  
FROM SOME DIFFERENT WORLD  
COUNTLESS CENTURIES AGO!  
AND FOR ALL WE KNOW, IT MAY  
NOT BE DEAD... BUT MERELY  
IN A STATE OF  
SUSPENDED  
ANIMATION!



THERE'S NO TELLING  
WHAT ITS POWERS  
MIGHT BE IF WE UN-  
WITTINGLY REVIVE IT!  
IT MIGHT BE EVIL  
AND STRONG ENOUGH  
TO DO INCREDIBLE  
DAMAGE! I... I DON'T  
WANT TO BE RESPO-  
NSIBLE FOR THAT!

THAT'S NONSENSE,  
HAWKINS, OLD BOY...  
YOU'RE JUST LETTING  
YOUR BASIC KIND-HEART-  
EDNESS AND THOUGHT-  
FULNESS FOR OTHERS OVER-  
POWER YOUR COMMON  
SENSE! THAT BEAST IS  
OBVIOUSLY DEAD...  
AND WE CAN'T PASS UP THE



CHANCE OF STUDY-  
ING THE  
GREATEST  
SCIENTIFIC  
FIND OF THE  
CENTURY!

I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH GIL---STUDYING THAT CREATURE MIGHT BE OF VAST BENEFIT TO SCIENCE---AND TO THE HUMAN RACE!

THAT SETTLES IT---THE MAJORITY RULES! WE'LL THAW THE ICE OUT IN THE SUPPLY HUT TONIGHT---AND WE'LL ALL TAKE TURNS WATCHING IT!

VERY WELL, I GIVE IN---I'LL EVEN VOLUNTEER FOR THE FIRST WATCH!



**B**UT THAT NIGHT, THE GLOWING HEAT FROM THE STOVE DOES MORE THAN MELT THE BLOCK OF ICE---IT ALSO MAKES HAWKINS DROWSY!



NO---WITH ITS ICY PRISON VANISHED---



THAT SHRIEK---IT'S HAWKINS' VOICE!

LET'S GET OVER TO THAT SUPPLY HUT-- FAST!



HAWKINS---ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?---  
**WHERE'S THE CREATURE?**

I---I DON'T KNOW!  
I---I GUESS I DOZED OFF---  
I AWOKE JUST AS I SAW IT RISING---  
AND THEN I SAW IT DIS-  
APPEAR! IT JUST VANISHED---  
UTTERLY!

IT MAKES ME SHUDDER TO THINK THAT IT'S AROUND LOOSE SOMEWHERE---  
JUST WAITING!

WE'D BETTER BREAK OUT THE GUNS AND SEARCH THE WHOLE AREA THOROUGHLY!



**B**UT AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT SEARCH---

NOT A TRACE OF IT---  
AS IF IT NEVER EVEN EXISTED!

IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK AS IF HAWKINS WAS RIGHT! ONLY SOME CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD---FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN---COULD HAVE THE POWER TO DISAPPEAR AT WILL!





ER--- I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT WASN'T AS DANGEROUS AS I THOUGHT THE FACT THAT IT HASN'T ATTACKED US YET SHOWS THAT IT'S PROBABLY HARMLESS! THERE'S NO REASON WHY WE SHOULD CHANGE OUR PLANS ABOUT GOING BACK TO THE STATES--- NOW THAT OUR WORK HERE IS ALL FINISHED!

SURE, WE CAN LEAVE AS SOON AS WE PACK OUR STUFF AND FEED THE DOGS--- AND HERE THEY COME NOW FOR THEIR MORNING MEAL!

WELL, I GUESS THIS'LL BE THE LAST DAY I FEED 'EM! O'MERE, YOU HUNGRY DEVILS... HUH?

LOOK AT 'EM BRISTLE AND SNARL... AS IF THEY'VE COME ACROSS AN ENEMY! WHAT'S WRONG WITH 'EM, HAWKINS?--- THEY ALWAYS JUMPED ALL OVER YOU AT FEEDING TIME!

AR-RR!

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY AS IF THEY'RE TERRIFIED... ALL EXCEPT HUSKY, THE LEADER!

WELL, I'LL SOON MAKE HIM TURN TAIL, TOO!

GRR-RRR!

THERE, YOU ROTTEN HOUND!

YIPE!

WHAM!

I GUESS MY CLOTHES MUST HAVE PICKED UP THE SCENT OF THAT CREATURE WHILE IT WAS THAWING--- AND IT FRIGHTENED THE DOGS! I'LL CHANGE MY CLOTHES SO I CAN FEED 'EM!

NO, I DON'T WANT YOU TO TOUCH THEM--- THERE WAS NO EXCUSE FOR THAT CRUEL, INHUMAN KICK, NO MATTER WHAT THE REASON FOR THEIR FRIGHT! I'LL TIE THE DOGS UP AND FEED THEM MYSELF!

HMM, I WONDER...

LATER---

IT MAY HAVE BEEN JUST A CRAZY HUNCH TO KEEP AN EYE ON HAWKINS--- BUT WAIT--- WHAT'S HE STEALING UP TO THOSE DOGS FOR?

AH, THERE'S NO ONE AROUND--- I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T BETRAY ME AGAIN! I'LL JUST CHANGE---

... INTO MY NATURAL FORM--- AND MERELY TOUCH YOU!

GREAT SCOTT--- HE... HE CHANGED INTO THE BEAST!

GR-RRR!

AND AS THE AWFUL CREATURE TOUCHES THE DOG...

IT--IT'S INCREDIBLE! THE ANIMAL WAS JUST TOUCHED--AND IT TURNED INTO A BEAST-DOG!

AH, NOW YOU ARE OF MY KIND! COME--I WILL UNITE YOU AND WE WILL CHANGE BACK TOGETHER INTO OUR HUMAN AND CANINE FORMS--UNTIL WE HAVE ACCOMPLISHED OUR MISSION OF CHANGING ALL LIVING BEINGS INTO OUR KIND!

I--I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT I SAW--AND THE OTHERS WOULD THINK I'D GONE MAD IF I TRIED TO TELL THEM ABOUT IT! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO PROVE IT TO THEM--AND TO STOP THIS EVIL!

A MINUTE LATER...

HI, EVERYONE! SEE--THE DOGS DON'T FEAR ME ANYMORE!

YES--BUT I KNOW WHY! STAND BACK, HAWKINS--DON'T GET CLOSE TO ANYONE--I WARN YOU!

I WAS WILLING TO BELIEVE YOU WHEN YOU SAID THE BEAST HAD SUDDENLY VANISHED WHILE YOU WERE ON WATCH--BUT I REALLY BECAME SUSPICIOUS WHEN YOUR WHOLE PERSONALITY AND CHARACTER CHANGED RIGHT AFTER THAT! FIRST YOU WANTED TO FORGET ABOUT THE CREATURE AND RETURN TO THE STATES, DESPITE THE FACT THAT THE REAL, KINDLY HAWKINS WOULD HAVE STAYED HERE TILL DOOMSDAY TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE BEAST AND KEEP IT FROM GETTING AWAY TO HARM OTHERS!

THEN WHEN THE DOGS BECAME TERRIFIED OF YOU, I WONDERED EVEN MORE--BUT I DIDN'T BEGIN TO SEE THE LIGHT UNTIL YOU BRUTALLY KICKED HUSKY--SOMETHING THAT KIND, DECENT HAWKINS WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE! SO ON THE BASIS OF THOSE SUSPICIONS, I FOLLOWED YOU--AND SAW YOU CHANGE INTO THAT THING--AND CHANGE HUSKY INTO YOUR OWN KIND BY TOUCHING HIM! I'M BETTING THAT THE ICED-IN BEAST WHICH WE RELEASED ENTERED YOUR BODY, HAWKINS--WHILE YOU DOZED ON WATCH!



WHAT  
**NOSENSE!**  
YOU'VE GONE  
**MAD,**  
GIL!

NO, I'VE NOT---THE ORIGINAL  
CREATURE IS INHABITING  
YOUR BODY RIGHT NOW---  
**YOU'RE THE BEAST!** YOU  
APPARENTLY HAVE THE POWER  
OF CHANGING BACK INTO  
ITS ORIGINAL FORM AT WILL---  
AND WHEN YOU'RE **IN** THAT  
FORM, YOU'RE ABLE TO CHANGE  
ANY OTHER LIVING BEING INTO  
YOUR KIND BY MERELY **TOUCH-**  
**ING IT!** BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING  
BACK TO CIVILIZATION ALIVE---  
I'M GOING TO **STOP** YOU FROM  
WHATEVER MAD PLAN YOU'VE  
GOT IN MIND!

NOW IT MUST BE **OBVIOUS** EVEN TO THE  
OTHERS THAT YOU'VE GONE INSANE! EVEN  
IF I **WAS** THE BEAST, HOW COULD YOU  
RATIONALLY THINK YOU CAN STOP ME?

**WITH THIS GUN!** WE USED  
IT TO SEEP LOW CLOUDS WITH  
DRY-ICE PELLETS IN A SCATTER-  
SHOT EFFECT--TO PRODUCE  
SNOW! AND IT'S THE PERFECT  
WEAPON TO USE AGAINST  
**YOU**---BECAUSE EVEN IF  
BULLETS CAN'T HURT YOU,  
THE INTENSE COLD OF THE  
DRY-ICE PELLETS INSIDE YOUR  
BODY WILL  
FREEZE YOU  
INSTANTLY!--

---AND PUT  
YOU BACK  
INTO YOUR  
ORIGINAL  
STATE OF  
FROZEN  
IMMOBILITY!

I CAN CHANGE  
**INSTANTLY**---  
AND AS SOON AS  
I **TOUCH**  
**YOU**---



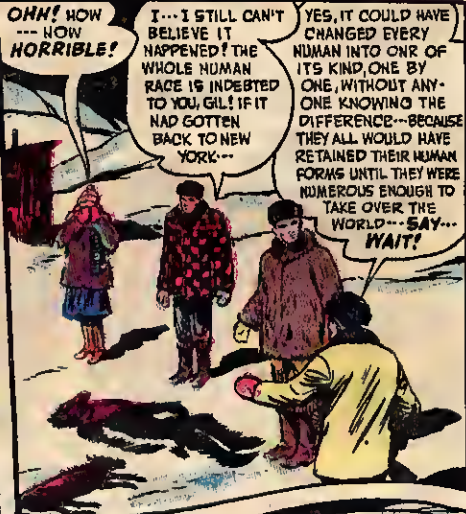
YOU'LL NEVER  
TOUCH **ANYBODY**  
AGAIN!

**BAM!**

OH! HOW  
--- NOW  
**HORRIBLE!**

I--- I STILL CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT  
HAPPENED! THE  
WHOLE HUMAN  
RACE IS INDEED  
TO YOU, GIL! IF IT  
HAD GOTTEN  
BACK TO NEW  
YORK--

YES, IT COULD HAVE  
CHANGED EVERY  
HUMAN INTO ONE OF  
ITS KIND, ONE BY  
ONE, WITHOUT ANY-  
ONE KNOWING THE  
DIFFERENCE--BECAUSE  
THEY ALL WOULD HAVE  
RETAINED THEIR HUMAN  
FORMS UNTIL THEY WERE  
NUMEROUS ENOUGH TO  
TAKE OVER THE  
WORLD---**SAY--  
WAIT!**



I'VE JUST REALIZED---WHILE WE WERE  
ALL SEARCHING AROUND IN THE DARK LAST  
NIGHT FOR THE THING, HAWKINS COULD HAVE  
TOUCHED ALL THREE OF YOU---**YOU ALL  
MIGHT BE BEASTS IN HUMAN  
FORM!**



MAYBE---IT  
GOT YOU,  
CUMMINGS!  
GET AWAY  
FROM  
ME!

AND DON'T  
YOU TOUCH  
ME---**STAND  
BACK!**

GIL---**YOU**  
WERE OFF BY  
YOURSELF FOR  
A WHILE LAST  
NIGHT! YOU---  
**YOU MIGHT  
BE INHUMAN,  
TOO!**



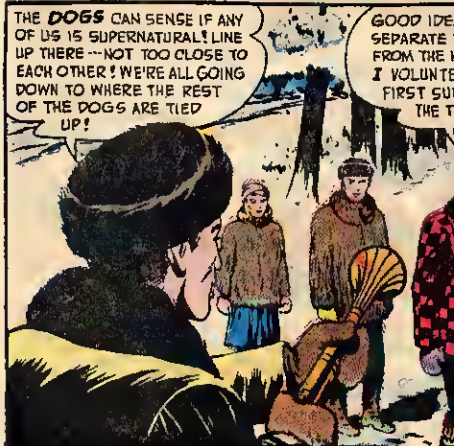


SURE, YOU ACCUSE ME IF YOU WERE ONE OF THOSE THINGS--JUST TO COVER YOURSELF UP! BUT IF HE HAD GOTTEN ME, WOULD I HAVE SHOT IT AND REVEALED THE DANGER?

DARLING, YOU'RE RIGHT-- I WAS WRONG IN SUSPECTING YOU! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE THAT I'M STILL HUMAN! PLEASE PUT YOUR ARMS AROUND ME AND TELL ME YOU LOVE AND TRUST ME!



STAND BACK, ANNE... ALL OF YOU KEEP AWAY FROM ME! I DON'T TRUST ANY OF YOU... NOT WHEN THE FATE OF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE MAY BE IN MY HANDS RIGHT NOW! I'M LETTING NONE OF YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT... OR TOO CLOSE TO ME... UNTIL I CAN THINK OF A SUITABLE WAY TO TEST WHETHER YOU'RE HUMANS OR NOT! WAIT... I'VE GOT IT!



THE DOGS CAN SENSE IF ANY OF US IS SUPERNATURAL! LINE UP THERE--NOT TOO CLOSE TO EACH OTHER! WE'RE ALL GOING DOWN TO WHERE THE REST OF THE DOGS ARE TIED UP!

GOOD IDEA, GIL... THATLL SEPARATE THE BEASTS FROM THE HUMANS! AND I VOLUNTEER TO BE THE FIRST SUBJECT FOR THE TEST!



MINUTES LATER...

GOOD OLD DOG! THERE YOU ARE, GIL-- WE'RE THE BEST OF FRIENDS! AT LEAST YOU KNOW NOW THAT I'M STILL HUMAN!

OKAY, DAWSON... YOU PASSED! STAND BACK NOW WHILE CUMMINGS TRIES IT!



HERE, BOY... C'MERE-- NUH? ... HE'S RE-COILING FROM ME!

YOU KNOW WHAT CUMMINGS IS NOW, GIL?... SHOOT HIM!

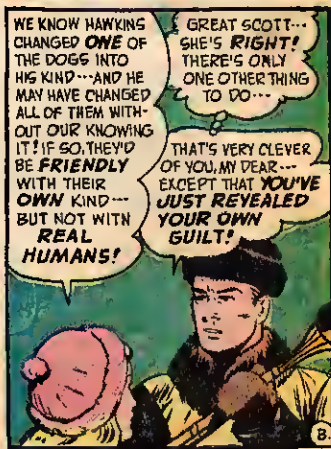
THANK HEAVENS WE FOUND OUT IN TIME! GET READY, CUMMINGS-- THIS IS YOUR FINISH!



NO, GIL... DON'T! I'M HUMAN. MORTAL... YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!

THE DOG CAN'T LIE! STAND BACK-- I'M GOING TO FIRE!

WAIT, GIL... YOU MUSTN'T! THE DOG CAN LIE!



WE KNOW HAWKING CHANGED ONE OF THE DOGS INTO HIS KIND--AND HE MAY HAVE CHANGED ALL OF THEM WITHOUT OUR KNOWING IT! IF SO, THEY'D BE FRIENDLY WITH THEIR OWN KIND-- BUT NOT WITH REAL HUMANS!

GREAT SCOTT... SHE'S RIGHT! THERE'S ONLY ONE OTHER THING TO DO...

THAT'S VERY CLEVER OF YOU, MY DEAR... EXCEPT THAT YOU'VE JUST REVEALED YOUR OWN GUILT!





YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY  
---BECAUSE ONLY AN IN-  
HUMAN THING WOULD  
TRY TO MAKE ME ABANDON  
THE ONLY TEST THAT CAN  
TELL THE TRUTH I AND I  
DON'T EVEN HAVE TO  
TEST YOU---I'M JUST  
GOING TO SHOOT  
YOU!

OH-H-H!

GREAT HEAVENS,  
MAN---DON'T!  
SHE'S YOUR  
WIFE---YOU'RE  
MURDERER IF YOU  
KILL HER BEFORE  
SHE'S BEEN PROVEN  
GUILTY!

AW, GO ON AND  
KILL HER, GIL!  
SHOOT 'EM  
BOTH DOWN  
---THEY'RE  
BOTH  
BEASTS!

THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR,  
DANSON---YOU JUST GAVE YOURSELF  
AWAY! YOU WERE A KINO, CONSIDERATE  
GUY UP TILL NOW---I STILL REMEMBER  
HOW SYMPATHETIC YOU WERE WHEN  
ANNE FELL DOWN THE GREYASS! BUT  
CUMMINGS WAS RIGHT---ONLY AN IN-  
HUMAN BEAST WOULD SANCTION  
COLD-BLOODED MURDER WITHOUT  
PROOF OF GUILT---AND YOUR LEER  
SHOWS YOU'D HAVE ENJOYED  
THAT MURDER!

BUT MY THREAT TO KILL ANNE WAS ONLY A BLUFF  
---AND IT WORKED! HAWKING MUST HAVE  
CHANGED YOU LAST NIGHT---AND HE MUST HAVE  
CHANGED THE REST OF THE DOGS BEFORE HE  
WALKED UP WITH HUSKY! THAT'S WHY THE DOG  
WAS FRIENDLY WITH YOU! AND COME TO THINK  
OF IT, YOU AGREED WITH HAWKING ABOUT  
GETTING BACK TO CIVILIZATION IN A  
HURRY---BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET THERE  
NOW!

THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK!

THE MOMENT I  
TOUCH YOU---  
AAARGHH!

YOU FELL FOR THAT BLUFF, TOO---BEAST!  
I PURPOSELY KEPT MY GUN DOWN TO LET  
YOU THINK YOU HAD TIME TO CHANGE AND  
TOUCH ME---BECAUSE I NEVER WOULD  
HAVE BEEN SURE ENOUGH TO KILL YOU---  
UNLESS I COULD GET YOU TO ASSUME  
YOUR ANIMAL FORM!



WHEW, THANK  
HEAVENS YOU  
GOT HIM, GIL!  
YOU SURE HAD  
ME SCARED  
FOR A WHILE!

BUT DARLING,  
HOW CAN YOU  
BE SURE EVEN  
NOW THAT  
CUMMINGS  
AND I  
AREN'T---?

I WASN'T---  
UNTIL DAWSON  
SHOWED ME THAT  
HE WAS! THE FACT  
THAT HE WANTED TO  
SEE YOU BOTH KILLED  
PROVED THAT YOU  
WEREN'T HIS  
KIND---THAT  
YOU WERE STILL  
MY KIND!



LATER---

AND NOW WE  
CAN START  
BACK FOR  
CIVILIZATION!  
MY FIRST  
MEAL BACK  
IN THE STATES  
IS GOING TO  
BE ALL FRESH  
VEGETABLES---  
TO MAKE UP  
FOR ALL THE  
MONTHS I'VE  
DONE WITHOUT THEM!

WELL, THAT FINISHES  
THEM OFF! THE DYNAMITE  
WILL HURL THOUSANDS  
OF TONS OF ICE DOWN  
INTO THAT GREYASS---  
AND BURY THE BEASTS  
AND DOGS WE THREW  
DOWN THERE. SO COM-  
PLETELY THAT NO ONE  
WILL EVER AGAIN IN-  
NOCENTLY STUMBLE  
ON THEM AND THAW  
THEM OUT!



WEEKS LATER---

FRESH VEGETABLES? I'M SORRY,  
MAMAM---WE'RE COMPLETELY OUT!  
BUT WE DO HAVE SOME FROZEN  
VEGETABLES---IT WILL TAKE ONLY  
A FEW MINUTES TO THAW THEM  
OUT---

FROZEN  
THAW? NO  
NO...  
NO!



# Scylla's REVENGE

**T**HE DENSE, SHROUD-LIKE fog seemed to clutch at the small schooner with greedy, grasping fingers, impeding its progress through the Straits of Messina as if it were actually plowing through a sea of sticky molasses.

"It is truly strange," the Italian boatman murmured as he tried to peer through the blank wall of fog ahead of him, "never have I known a fog to have weight and substance...indeed, in all my forty years of piloting boats from Italy to Africa through these Straits, I have never come across a fog that could almost be kneaded in the hands like dough...until now!"

The fat, cruel-visaged German passenger looked at the boatman worriedly. "But do you know your way around the Straits in the fog?" he demanded. "Are you sure you can get me to Africa?"

The Italian smiled patiently. "Si, signor...I know every current, every rock in the Straits. I could take you through them blindfolded. You have nothing to fear!"

*Nothing to fear*, the German repeated to himself gloatingly. Yes, after all these years of hiding out in the Italian mountains, living like a hunted animal, Gestapo-Gauleiter Hans von Sturmer was on his way to Africa...to freedom! He had waited long and patiently for a night like this, for a fog-shrouded night when no patrol boats would be likely to stop him in his flight from the War Crimes Court and the hangman's rope. Allied Military Intelligence agents were still searching all the odd corners of the world for him...for the Gestapo chief who had slaughtered thousands of innocent civilians in the long Nazi occupation of Greece...and soon, soon he would be safe in his prepared sanctuary in the Atlas Mountains of

Northern Africa.

A sudden jarring abock and rending sound interrupted the German's reverie, and he felt himself hurtling from the boat and landing with a painful thud on some jagged rocks. By the time he gathered his wits together, the Italian boatman was helping him, muttering in bewilderment, "It...it is incredible...there is no rocky island in this part of the Straits...and yet we have crashed into one! Wait...listen!"

Both men heard it then...the sharp, high-pitched, yelping sound of a barking dog. The Italian shrank back in fear, his face a mask of terror. "Now I...I know where we are," he quavered. "The sound of a dog barking on a non-existent island can mean only one thing...we are shipwrecked on the island of Scylla, that supernatural monster of Grecian antiquity! The ancient legends say she barked like a dog, had six long necks and heads, each with three rows of sharp teeth, and..."

The German laughed scornfully. "Of course I have heard of that mythical monster...every schoolboy knows about Scylla! But she never really existed, she's merely imaginary..."

The German's voice suddenly broke off in a terrified, high-pitched scream...and before the Italian's astonished eyes, six long necks and heads came down from the rocks above! Twelve grasping limbs reached out to seize the helplessly squirming German and carry him up to the three rows of sharp teeth...For a moment, Scylla looked down at the gaping Italian...and the next moment, the monster, the fog, and the island had all disappeared, and the boatman found himself in his strangely intact schooner, wondering what grudge Scylla had had against the German!

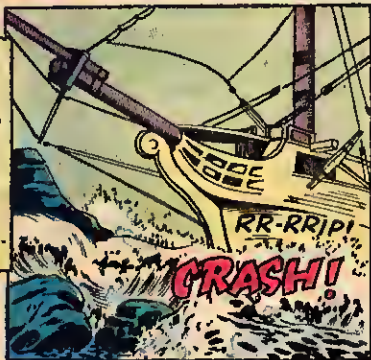


# UNCANNY MYSTERIES

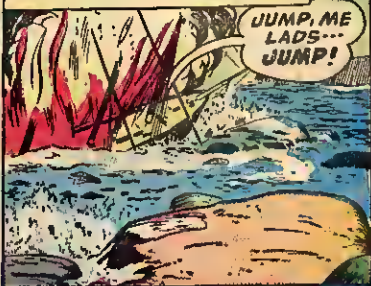
GHOST SHIP  
OF  
NOVA SCOTIA

**W**ANT TO SEE A REAL, HONEST-TO-GOODNESS GHOST SHIP, READER? THEN READ FOR THE SMALL COASTAL FISHING VILLAGE OF MERGOMISH, ABOUT 100 MILES EAST OF HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA--- WHERE, FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS, A PHANTOM PIRATE SHIP HAS APPEARED EVERY AUTUMN! IT SAILS WITH AN EERIE GLOW UP NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT--- REENACTING AN ANCIENT TRAGEDY BEFORE THE HORRIFIED EYES OF THE WATCHERS ON SHORE!

THE GHOST SHIP'S HISTORY BEGAN IN BUCCANEER DAYS, WHEN A PIRATE SHIP SAILED DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE, ITS CAPTAIN SEARCHING FOR SOME ISOLATED ISLAND ON WHICH TO BURY HIS PLUNDER! BUT---IT CAME TO GRIEF ON THE DANGEROUS SHOALS OF NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT!



EMPALED ON THE TREACHEROUS ROCKS, THE SHIP SUDDENLY CAUGHT FIRE---WHEN HOT COALS FELL FROM THE GALLEY STOVES---

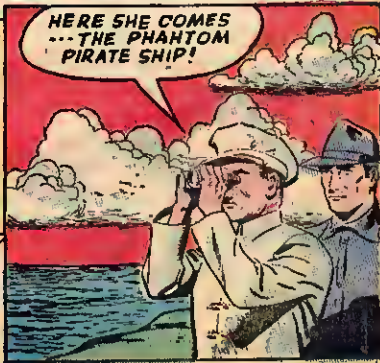


THE GREAT, 90-TON THREE-MASTER SANK--- AND ONLY A FEW SURVIVORS SWAM TO SHORE TO TELL THE TERRIBLE TALE!

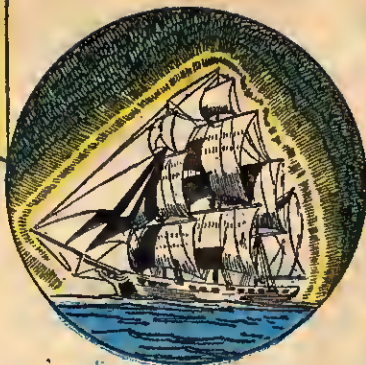


BUT FAR MORE ELOQUENT THAN THE SAILORS' STORIES IS THE ANNUAL APPARITION THAT HAS COME SAILING INTO THE STRAIT FOR MORE THAN THREE GENERATIONS---A GHOST SHIP THAT IS EAGERLY AWAITED BY THE WHOLE POPULATION OF MERGOMISH EACH AUTUMNAL EQUINOX!

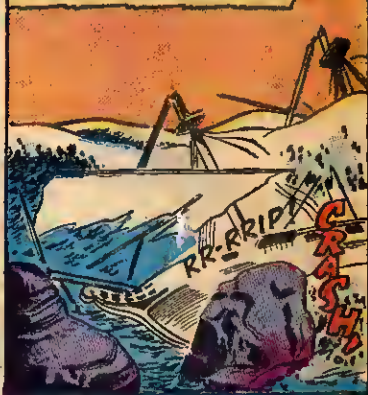
HERE SHE COMES  
---THE PHANTOM  
PIRATE SHIP!



**YES, BEFORE THE EYES OF ALL, THE GHOSTLY THREE-MASTER DOKES SAILING INTO THE STRAIT AT THE INCREDIBLE SPEED OF 25 KNOTS... GLOWING EERILY AS IF PHOSPHORESCENT FROM ITS LONG SOJOURN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!**



**AND THEN, WHILE THE JATIVES WATCH IN UTTER FASCINATION, THE GHOST SHIP RE-ENACTS THAT ANCIENT TRAGEDY!**



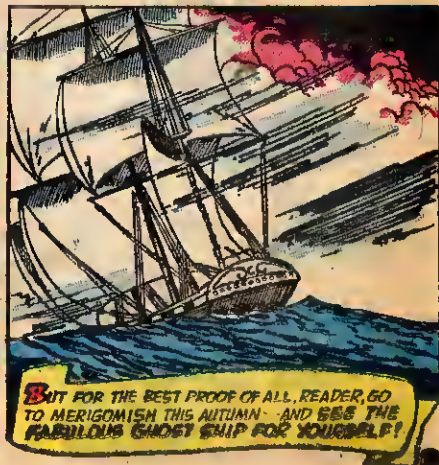
**THE SHIP LURCHES ON THE TREACHEROUS ROCKS... WITHOUT WARNING, A DISASTROUS FIRE BREAKS OUT... AND AS THE GHOSTLY PIRATES LEAP INTO THE WATER, A HOLLOW VOICE RINGS OUT ABOVE THE DOOMED MASTS, AND IS CLEARLY HEARD BY ALL THE SPECTATORS ASHORE!**



**THE PHANTOM SHIP GOES UP IN FLAMES, LURCHES FROM THE SHOALS AND SINKS BENEATH THE WAVES! AND THERE IT REESTS... UNTIL SOME STRANGE POWER FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN LIFTS IT FROM THE OCEAN BOTTOM THE FOLLOWING YEAR AND FORCES IT TO AGAIN REPEAT THE GHOSTLY TRAGEDY!**



**WHAT'S THAT, READER? YOU SAY YOU WANT PROOF THAT ALL THIS ISN'T JUST AN EXAMPLE OF MASS HALLUCINATION? WELL THEN, HERE'S ALL THE PROOF ANYONE NEEDS... ON THE VERY NEXT DAY AFTER THE GHOSTLY TRAGEDY, PIECES OF CHARRED WOOD AND FLOTSAM AND JETSAW WILL BE WASHED UP ON THE SHORE NEAR MERIGOMISH... DESPITE THE FACT THAT NO FIRE OR SHIPWRECK HAS EVER BEEN REPORTED WITHIN THOUSANDS OF MILES OF THE SCENE!**



**BUT FOR THE BEST PROOF OF ALL, READER, GO TO MERIGOMISH THIS AUTUMN... AND SEE THE FABULOUS GHOST SHIP FOR YOURSELF!**



# CURSE of the Catacombs



"IMAGINE ME -- GREG HOLLANO, A PILOT WITH TRANS-ALPINE AIRWAYS -- WASTING THE FIRST DAY OF MY VACATION IN ROME ON A TOUR OF THE CATACOMBS!"

IT IS PITY WE CANNOT VISIT ALL OF THE CATACOMB, SIGNORINI -- BUT THEY HAVE DOZEN OF GALLERY ON A DIFFERENT LEVELS -- AN' MANY HAVE NEVER BEEN OPENS TO VISITOR!

HERE'S **ONE** VISITOR WHO DOESN'T GIVE A HOOT! I'M GOING TO DITCH THESE RELICS AND TRY TO DIG UP A DATE AMONG THE **LIVING!**

**SIGNOR, WAIT!**  
IT IS VERY DANGEROUS TO TRY TO FIND YOUR WAY BACK ALONE!

SKIP IT -- THESE TUNNELS HAVE TO END **SOMEWHERE**, DON'T THEY?



"WHAT I DIDN'T FIGURE ON WAS DARKNESS -- THE KIND OF HALF GLOOM THAT SEEMED TO SWALLOW MY FOOTSTEPS -- AND FLING THEIR BODIES IN A DOZEN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS!"

YEP -- THE ANCIENT ROMANS WEREN'T FAR OFF THE BEAM WHEN THEY PICKED A PLACE LIKE THIS TO BURY THEIR DEAD!



"THE DEAD -- THE DEAD OF LONG AGO! AND THEN IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT IT WAS LONG AGO SINCE I'D LEFT THE GUIDE!"

WHAT A DOPE I WAS TO LEAVE MY WATCH BACK AT THE HOTEL -- BUT MAYBE IT'S ALL TO THE GOOD! NO USE GETTING RATTLED, REALIZING HOW LITTLE A FEW HOURS MEAN -- HOW LITTLE A FEW CENTURIES MEAN -- AMONG THESE ENDLESS CORRIDORS!

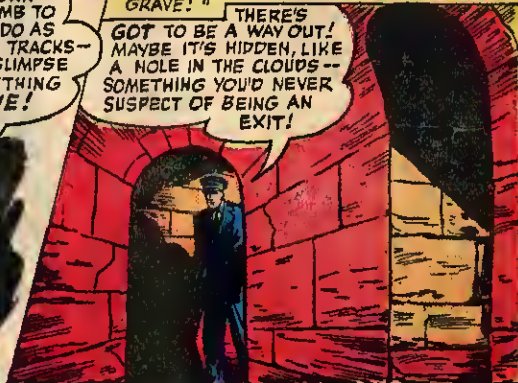


"BUT I WAS RATTLED -- ONE HAND GROPING AT THE MOIST, GUSTENING WALLS -- THE OTHER WIPING MY MOIST, GUSTENING FOREHEAD!"

WHAT IN THE DEVIL AM I DOING DOWN HERE -- STUMBLING FROM ONE TOMB TO ANOTHER? ANY DIRECTION WILL DO AS LONG AS I MAKE TRACKS -- AND CATCH A GLIMPSE OF SOMETHING ALIVE!

"SURE, I'D BEEN LOST BEFORE -- THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR! BUT THIS WAS SOMETHING ELSE -- LOST AMONG THOUSANDS OF DEAD -- LOST IN ONE GIGANTIC GRAVE!"

THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY OUT! MAYBE IT'S HIDDEN, LIKE A HOLE IN THE CLOUDS -- SOMETHING YOU'D NEVER SUSPECT OF BEING AN EXIT!



THERE'S SOMETHING JUST AHEAD -- A STAIRWAY!



"I WASN'T PANICKY ENOUGH TO THINK I'D GET UP BY GOING DOWN -- BUT SOMETHING SEEMED TO DRAW ME TOWARD THE CLAMMY DEPTHS!"

NOTHING BUT ANOTHER TUNNEL AND MORE GRAVES -- UNLESS THAT BIG SLAB MEANS SOMETHING!



"THE CATACOMBS WERE STRANGE -- GETTING LOST WAS STRANGE! WHY SHOULD IT SEEM STRANGE TO FIND TWINKLING POINTS OF LIGHT ALL AROUND ME -- LIKE SPECKS OF DUST AFLOAT IN A POOL OF INK?"

LEMMING AVE... DXXVII

THERE'S LETTERING ON THE STONE -- AND AT THIS STAGE, ANYTHING MIGHT MEAN A STEER IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION!





"I KNEW JUST ENOUGH LATIN TO DECIPHER THE INSCRIPTION -- AND JUST ENOUGH ABOUT ODDS TO REALIZE NOW WHAT MY CHANCES WERE! "

SOMEONE NAMED LEMURA DIED FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AFTER THE FOUNDING OF ROME -- SO THAT'S WHERE MY HUNCH HAS LED ME! MAYBE IT'S WHACKY TO HOPE TO GO SOMEWHERE -- WHEN THIS JOINT IS STRICTLY FOR PEOPLE WHO STAY!



"THE GLOW IN THE REELING DARKNESS BECAME MOTION -- AND MOTION BECAME SOUND -- A VOICE THAT QUAVERED LIKE A BURIED VIOLIN! "

LEMURA... LEMURA...  
YOU OUT THERE --  
HELP LEMURA!

IT CAN'T BE  
LEMURA! BONES--  
JUST-- THAT  
CAN'T TALK!



"THEN A WILD HOPE CLUTCHED ME --  
AND MY HANDS CLUTCHED THE  
DAMP STONE SLAB! "

MAYBE  
I DIDN'T HEAR  
IT RIGHT! MAYBE  
THERE'S A GIRL  
ON THE OTHER  
SIDE -- TRAPPED  
DOWN HERE  
WITH ME!



"I DIDN'T FEEL THE JAB OF PAIN IN MY  
RAW FINGERTIPS -- I DIDN'T FLINCH FROM  
THE MUSTY SWEETNESS WAFTED ON THE  
DEAD AIR! ALL I NOTICED WAS WHAT  
STOOD BEFORE ME -- LIKE A WHITE  
FLOWER AGAINST THE BLACKNESS OF THE  
TOMB! "

HOLY SMOKE! AM I NUTS --  
OR ARE YOU  
REALLY  
ALIVE?



DOES THAT MATTER?  
DOES ANYTHING MATTER  
BUT THAT YOU HAVE  
RELEASED ME -- AND  
THAT WE ARE HERE  
TOGETHER?

HONEY, THAT'S A TOUGH  
QUESTION! I'VE GOT A  
SNEAKING NOTION YOU  
BELONG HERE -- AND  
I DON'T!



"HER WORDS WERE LIKE THE STRANGE  
SPIRALING HUM HEARD IN AN ETHER  
DREAM -- LIKE A CREEPING DRUG MID-  
WAY BETWEEN DEATH AND DELIRIUM! "

ONLY A HUMAN CAN  
HELP THEM -- AS  
I HAVE BEEN HELPED!  
YOU MUST DO IT --  
FOR ME!

I -- I DON'T GET  
WHO YOU MEAN  
BY THEM,  
BEAUTIFUL! MAYBE  
I'M GETTING LIGHT-  
HEADED -- THE  
WHOLE IDEA'S  
FUZZY!



THOSE ARE THE TOMBS IN WHICH MY FRIENDS LIE -- AND ONLY ONE PERSON CAN EVER MEAN MORE TO ME THAN **THEM!** THAT WILL BE THE MAN WHO RELEASES THEM -- AND **HE** WILL BE THE MAN FOR WHOM LEMURA HAS ENDURED HER LONELINESS -- HE WILL BE LOVED FOR A TIME THAT MAKES THOSE CENTURIES MERELY FUCKERING SECONDS --



--HE WILL BE **YOU!**

O.K., YOU WANT ME TO HELP YOUR FRIENDS! BUT, HONEY, ISN'T THAT A BIG ORDER-- WHEN I CAN'T EVEN HELP MYSELF?



WITH ONE SECOND, I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HER SWAYING, FADING FORM -- AND IN THE NEXT -- THE SCURRYING SHADOW OF SOMETHING SMALL AND NIMBLE MOVING UP THE STEPS! "

BUT SUPPOSE LEMURA FOUND A WAY TO GUIDE YOU OUT OF THE CATACOMBS? WOULD YOU REMEMBER -- WOULD YOU RETURN TO LIBERATE HER FRIENDS?

GET ME OUT OF HERE -- AND I'LL DO ANYTHING! I'LL GET DYNAMITE IF I HAVE TO -- AND **BLAST THOSE TOMBS OPEN!**



"IT WAITED ABOVE -- SOFT AND SHAGGY AGAINST THE HARD, SMOOTH STONE -- AND THE LOOK IN ITS GLINTING EYES HELD A MUTED MESSAGE -- LIKE A BURIED VIOLIN! "



FUNNY HOW I **KNOW** THAT THING WANTS ME TO FOLLOW IT -- THAT IT'S GOING TO LEAD ME OUT OF HERE! BUT I'LL HAVE TO SHUFFLE ALONG MIGHTY FAST TO KEEP UP WITH IT!





"FIRST, I THOUGHT THE SCUTTling CREATURE WAS FADING--AND THEN I KNEW MY EYES WERE GETTING HAZY--BLURRED BY THE FIRST AMBER TOUCH OF DISTANT SUNLIGHT!"

THERE'S THE EXIT--JUST AHEAD! WHY BOTHER WONDERING WHETHER LEMURA'S ALIVE--WHETHER SHE REALLY EXISTS--WHEN SHE KEPT HER PROMISE?



"THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE AIR--THE GUNT OF PASSING AUTOS AND THE SWIRL OF LIFE AROUND ME--THAT MADE MY HEAD SWIM FOR A MOMENT!"

ARE YOU FEELING ALL RIGHT, SIGNOR? IS THERE ANYTHING YOU WANT?

YES--  
DYNAMITE!



"I'LL NEVER KNOW HOW I MANAGED TO GET IT, EITHER, IN MY GLASSY-EYED STATE--UNLESS MY UNIFORM FOOLED THE CLERK AT THE BUILDING SUPPLY COMPANY!"

NOPE, THERE'S NO SENSE WONDERING ABOUT LEMURA--OR HAVING HER WONDER ABOUT ME! I GOT IT--FOR HER!



"BUT I WAITED--WAITED UNTIL NIGHTFALL--WHEN LIGHTS BLINKED REASSURINGLY IN THE PLAZA, AND GAY MUSIC DRIFTED UP FROM THE HOTEL BALLROOM!"

IT ISN'T THAT I'M FORGETTING LEMURA--YET! BUT WHAT'S A PROMISE IF I DON'T HAPPEN TO REMEMBER IT--AFTER I'VE HAD NINE HOURS' SLEEP?



"I TRIED TO SHUT IT OUT--THAT FAROFF VOICE FLUTTERING LIKE A BIRD LOST AT MIDNIGHT!"

REMEMBER  
LEMURA... RETURN  
TO LEMURA...

THAT'S ALL--  
NINE HOURS' SLEEP! AND MAYBE A ROUTINE MEDICAL CHECKUP IN THE MORNING!



"IT SEEMED SCANT SECONDS BEFORE THE SOFT, PLUSHY DARKNESS CREEPT OVER MY MIND--AND THE SOFT, PLUSHY THING CREEPT ACROSS THE ROOM!"

IT'S HERE--  
THE CREATURE THAT  
GUIDED ME OUT OF  
THE CATACOMBS!



"WHAT COULD I DO--WATCHING THE MUTE RECOGNITION IN THOSE BLAZING EYES--EYES THAT EVOKED AN IMAGE SWAYING AND MURMURING IN ITS TOMB?"

WELL--DIDN'T I SAY I'D DO ANYTHING? SHE'S WAITING FOR ME DOWN THERE--  
LEMURA'S WAITING--  
AND I'VE GOT TO GO!



"I FOLLOWED, AS IF THE SCAMPERING THING WERE MY OWN SHADOW -- BACK INTO THE HOLLOW VOID WHERE THE DEAD WERE STIRRING--BACK TO LEMURA!"

DEAD--UNHOLY--WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? SHE GETS HER FRIENDS--AND I GET LOVE--FOREVER!



OOOPS!



"ALMOST BEFORE THE ROAR OF THE EXPLOSION STOPPED RINGING IN MY EARS, THERE WAS ANOTHER SOUND-- A VOICE THAT TINKLED LIKE FORBIDDEN BELLS IN THE MURKY DARKNESS BELOW!"

LEMURA! SHE'S TALKING TO SOMEONE -- DOWN THERE!

DID YOU SEE, FRIENDS-- THEY ARE OPEN! ALL OF THEM-- OPEN!



**BOOM!**

AH, WHAT DOES THE IMPRISONMENT OF DEATH MEAN NOW? COME FORTH, FRIENDS -- THIS IS THE BLACK HOUR OF YOUR AWAKENING!

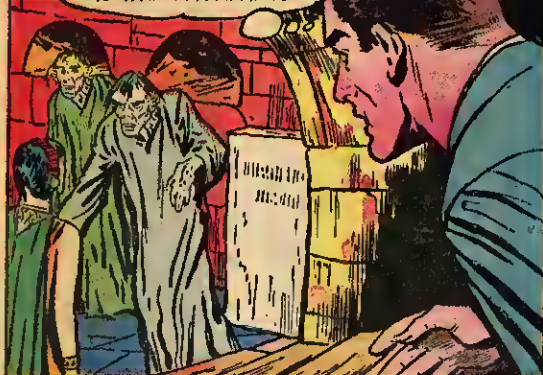


"THE GAPING CRYPTS MOVED LIKE HUGE MOUTHS UTTERING A SLOW CURSE -- THE MOLDERING WALL HEAVED UNDER ITS BURDEN OF HORROR -- AND SPEWED IT OUT!"





GOOD LORD--THEY CAN'T BE HER FRIENDS! THOSE THINGS ARE FIENDS--AND THEY'RE READY TO TEAR HER APART!



"BUT BEFORE I COULD MOVE, SHE MOVED--HER PALLID FACE AGLOW--HER LITHE BODY SWAYING TOWARD THE TIDE OF TERROR!"

YOU DO NOT KNOW LEMURA NOW--IN THE FORM SHE ASSUMED TO BEGUILA A FOOLISH HUMAN! BUT WAIT--LOOK--HERE IS LEMURA AS SHE WAS WHEN SHE CHANTED HER CURSES UNDER THE CLOODED

MOON--TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO!



"THE BLACK THING BRISTLED FROM THE FLASH THAT ENVELOPED HER--A THING THAT WAS SOFT AND SHAGGY IN EVERY FIENDISH INCH--A THING I KNEW AND SHUDDERED FROM!"

LEMURA! YE GOOS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANS--BUT SHE'S THE CREATURE THAT LED ME OUT OF HERE--A LEMUR!



"I KNEW NO WEAPON WOULD BE OF ANY USE AS THEY PURSUED ME UP THE STEPS--BUT FRANTICALLY, I LOOKED FOR SOMETHING TANGIBLE--SOMETHING I COULD GRIP IN MY TREMBLING HANDS!"

THEY'RE COMING... THEY'RE COMING...



"GRIPPED BY A FRENZY ALMOST AS TERRIBLE AS THE THINGS ORIFTING TOWARD ME--I WRENCHED WILDLY AT THE FIRST THING IN SIGHT!"

I'VE GOT TO RIP IT LOOSE! I'VE GOT TO!



"I HEARD HER QUAVERING VOICE AS I ROSE--  
MUFFLED BY TONS OF MARBLE BLOCHS--  
RISING AND FALLING IN SLOW  
WAVES OF ALLUREMENT!"

BELOVED--BELOVED! YOU CAN  
FORGET WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN--  
BUT ARE YOU CANNOT FORGET!  
RETURN, BELOVED--WHAT IS  
AN EMPTY LIFE TO ONE WHO  
SHARES THE SECRET OF  
DEATH?

LEMURA!  
LEMURA!

"WILL POWER--THE OESIRE FOR LIFE--BOTH  
SUCCUMBED TO THE WORDS ORIFTING FROM  
BELOW! BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING IN ME  
THAT COULD RESIST THE GHOSTLY SNARE--  
FEAR!"

BELOVED--  
LISTEN TO  
LEMURA!

YOU WANT ME TO  
LISTEN--AFTER WHAT  
I'VE SEEN?  
NO--NO!

"BLINDLY AND AIMLESSLY, I RUSHED THROUGH  
THE MUFFLED GALLERIES--AND THEN--"

IT IS DIFFICULT TO  
TRACE THE EXPLOSION  
WE HEARD, UMBERTO--  
BUT IT WAS  
**SOMEWHERE**  
AROUND HERE!

HUMANS--PEOPLE--  
LIVING MEN!

"UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I FELT  
SOME EXPLANATION SHOULD BE OFFERED  
TO THE AUTHORITIES--AND NEXT DAY--"

I DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO BEGIN--  
BUT I CAN'T GET  
AROUND THE FACT  
THAT I DID TAKE  
THAT DYNAMITE  
DOWN INTO THE  
CATACOMBS!

OF COURSE, YOU TOOK A  
TERRIBLE CHANCE--BUT  
THE CONCUSSION FROM THE  
EXPLOSION UNCOVERED  
SOME PRICELESS WALL  
PAINTINGS IN THE  
GALLERY ABOVE!  
WHO WOULD HAVE  
EXPECTED SUCH  
MAGNIFICENT RESULTS  
FROM BLASTING THE  
WORTHLESS  
TOMBS OF THE  
LEMURES?

LEMURES...?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
FAMILIAR WITH THE ANCIENT  
ROMAN NAME FOR ACCURSED  
SPIRITS! CHILDISH AS IT MAY  
SEEM, THE ROMANS RESERVED  
THE DEEPEST PART OF THE  
CATACOMBS FOR THE  
ENTOMBMENT OF WITCHES  
AND EVILDOERS--IN THE  
FEAR THAT THEY MIGHT  
SOME DAY ESCAPE!  
RATHER HARD TO  
IMAGINE, ISN'T IT--  
IN THIS DAY  
AND AGE?

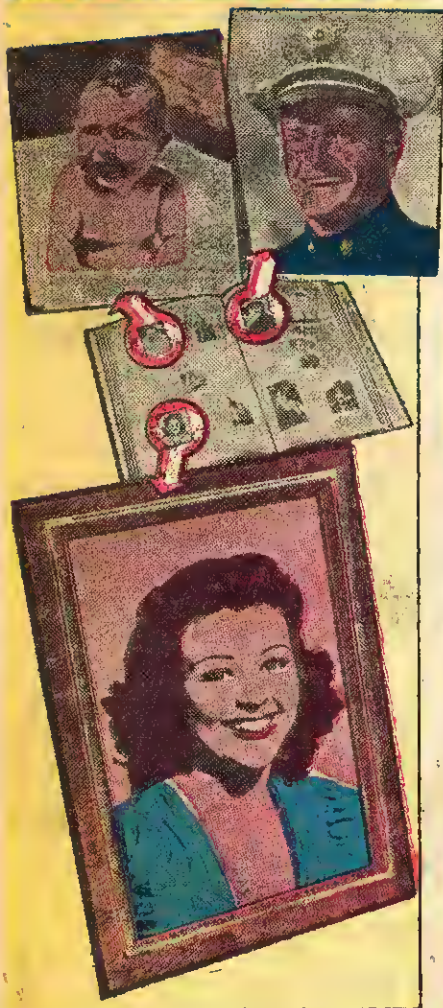
"WHAT COULD I DO BUT NOO--KNOW HOW EASY IT  
WOULD BE TO IMAGINE A SWAYING FIGURE IN  
ALL THE MIDNIGHTS BEFORE ME--AND A VOICE  
THAT CALLED LIKE A  
BURIED VIOLIN?"

HE WILL BE YOU,  
BELOVED--FOR  
CENTURIES--FOR  
CENTURIES!

The End



**New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame**



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Offer  
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(Specify number, limit 2)

Please make \_\_\_\_\_ Enlargement and Frame.

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I will pay postman only 19¢ each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ (Zip) STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Fill out description below, attach back of picture 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

COLOR—Picture No. 2

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

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FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage, use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity. Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



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GANG!

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LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES  
IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION  
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR  
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR  
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie!" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY!"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY—IN EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 3/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY! **NEW TELEVISION BANK!**

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- ☐ Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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Street \_\_\_\_\_

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- ☐ I enclose \$1.98. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

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# FUN

# FOR ALL!

# ORDER TODAY!

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**"EVERYBODY WANTS TO GET IN THE ACT"**

● Punch his nose and hear him honk!  
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